GERMAN RETREAT IN EAST AFRICA.

ENEMY SEVERELY HANDLED.

London, Saturday Night.

The Secretary of the War Office makes the following announcement:—

East Africa.

Continuing the pursuit of the enemy retreating to the Rufiji Valley, our forces occupied the German camp on the Tshgowali River on January 4, and reached Kibambawe on the north left bank of the Rufiji on the morning of January 5, the enemy holding the south right bank.

Throughout the operations, which commenced on January 1 in the Mgeta Valley, the enemy troops have been severely handled.

Our force established at Myalinso has attacked small enemy parties which approached its posts, capturing prisoners and considerable quantites of supplies.

In the western zone the enemy column retreating eastwards towards Mahenge from Lupembe has been engaged by our pursuing forces east of Mfirika.

THE SALONIKA FRONT.

BRITISH SUCCESS NEAR SERES.

BULGARIAN ATTACK FAILS.

Paris, Saturday.

The following report dealing with the operations on the Salonika front was issued here to-day:—

Since December 30 no warlike operations of any importance have taken place on the front of the Eastern Army, where bad weather is interfering with operations.

An artillery struggle continued in a particularly lively manner in the regions of Ghergheli, Genniko, of Monastir Madyaz, and on the Cerna.

In the direction of Rupes a Bulgarian attempt against Liskaro failed, and there were successful actions by the British against Kuori, near the Seres-Demirhissar Railway.

The British fleet bombarded Skarvcka and Semuntolfoo, south of Orfano.

BRITISH BOMB A BRIDGE.

Important Damage Done.

Press Bureau, Saturday Night.

The Secretary of the Admiralty makes the announcement:—

On January 4 a squadron of British naval aeroplanes attacked the railway bridge over the Laritza River at Kuleli Burgas. One span of the bridge is reported to have been completely wrecked.

BRITISH GIFT TO EVERY SERB SOLDIER.

London, Sunday Morning.

To-day (January 7, the Serbian Christmas Day) every man in the Serbian Army is receiving a packet of cigarettes as a Christmas gift from the British who have worked in Serbia. The latter have organised a fund for this purpose, and are ordering the cigarettes direct from Salonika.

RUSSIANS' BOLD ATTACK.

TRENCHES CAPTURED ON RIGA FRONT.

PRISONERS AND BATTERY TAKEN.

Petrograd, Saturday Night.

The following communique was issued here to-night:—

Western Front.

Enemy attacks on our detachments east of the Brul swamp, forty versts from Riga, were beaten back.

Our detachments, by a bold attack, took possession of the road south-west of the end of Lake Babit, and after a fierce struggle they occupied two rows of trenches twenty versts south-west of Riga. We took some prisoners and a few machine guns. Enemy counter-attacks were repulsed.

After this our detachments moved on further, reached the river south of the village of Kalntzen, and took possession of the position south-east of this village.

During our attacks we took prisoners three officers and 272 rank and file, capturing one light battery and six limbers. Counter-attacks by the enemy were unsuccessful.

Our scouts, under the command of Ensign Demianoff, discovered an enemy column thirty versts south-east of Koval, who were attacking our outposts. Ensign Demianoff, after informing the outpost and instructing our artillery as to the moment for opening fire, attacked the enemy by surprise. A portion of the enemy column was bayoneted, and eight men were taken prisoners. The remainder, who were fired upon by our artillery, dispersed.

A party of our scouts forced their way in the enemy outposts' position south of Mount Koverly. A number of the men were bayoneted, and the remainder taken prisoners.

KAISER'S BITTER ORDER.

"TO ENFORCE PEACE ON ALLIES."

GLEE OVER CAPTURE OF BRAILA.

London, Saturday Night.

A message from the Kaiser to his troops published here to-day appears to be the latest move in his "war manœuvre" offer of peace.

Couched in characteristic bombast, the message concludes with the sentences—"Our enemies did not want the understanding offered by me. With God's help our arms will enforce it."

The Kaiser's bitter message raises no excitement in this country, but, judging from German press extracts received here to-night, it has set Germany aglow with carefully-simulated enthusiasm, as might be expected.

Meanwhile Swiss papers report that Germany is preparing a second Peace Note, setting forth her conditions of peace in precise form.

THE WAR WILL BE CONTINUED.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

An official telegram from Berlin says:—

The Kaiser has addressed the following order to the army and navy:—

"Conjointly with the Allied rulers I proposed to our enemies to enter forthwith into peace negotiations.

"Our enemies refused my offer.

"Their hunger for power desires Germany's destruction.

"The war will be continued.

"Before God and humanity I declare that on the enemy Governments alone falls the heavy responsibility for all the further terrible sacrifices from which I wished to save you.

"With justified indignation at our enemies' arrogant crime, and with determination to defend our holiest possessions and secure the Fatherland a happy future, you will become as steel.

"Our enemies did not want the understanding offered by me.

"With God's help our arms will enforce it."

THE "KAISER'S VIGOROUS WORDS"

Approved by German Public.

Amsterdam, Saturday Night.

The German Emperor's order to the army and fleet is, according to a Berlin telegram, heartily approved by German public opinion.

The Vossische Zeitung says:—The German Emperor, who, on the capture of Bucharest, ordered a salute to be fired, sends on the day of the fall of Braila a message to the army and fleet, in which he most emphatically lays stress on the unshakable German will to achieve victory. Braila is the writing on the wall for our enemies. As they do not wish a German peace they must learn to know what the German prosecution of the war means. The weapon of victory will certainly, as the Emperor says, finally compel our enemies to go to the conference table.

The Lokalanzeiger remarks:—The Emperor's vigorous words will find a most hearty echo throughout Germany and Allied states.

The Post says:—Every German will agree with the earnest appeal which is sustained by confidence in God, the German people, and with firm resolve to exert all our strength to attain our great aim.

The press welcomes the fall of Braila as an opportune greeting from the East to the leaders of the enemy states and armies now assembled in Rome.

CROWN PRINCE RETIRES FROM ARMY.

Rome, Saturday.

According to information received from a German source by the Corriere d'Italia, the Crown Prince of Germany has been definitely retired from the army.

He is now staying at a health resort under the care of his wife, his nerves being in such a shattered condition that he has been ordered a complete rest.

BOMBS ON ENEMY BIVOUACS.

Paris, Saturday.

The official report to-day has the following reference to aviation work:—

On the night of January 4-5 our bombarding squadrons dropped bombs on the aerodrome of Grisolles and the railway station and hutments of Guiscar, where four fires and several explosions were noticed.

Last night the enemy bivouacs south of Spincourt, an ammunition dump at the farm of Lougeau, and the railway station of Mesnil St Nicaize were also bombarded.—P.A. War Special.

REPAIRING ROUMANIAN OIL WELLS.

Germans Claim Capture of 2000 Tanks of Oil.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

A Berlin telegram says that the work of repair in the Roumanian oil district has proceeded so far that some works will resume production within a few weeks.

The stocks of petrol and petroleum captured at Campina consist of about two thousand truck loads, and there are also immense petroleum stores at Constanza.

The oil wells at Campina, the telegram says, will be in working order in about a week, and Standard Refinery at Ploesti at once.

MINISTRY'S FOOD SCHEME.

FIXED PRICE FOR GRAIN.

MR PROTHERO SOLVING LABOUR PROBLEM.

Bedford, Saturday Night.

Mr Prothero, President of the Board of Agriculture, addressed a large gathering of farmers at Bedford this evening.

Mr Prothero had a rousing reception. He commenced by reminding the farmers of the fact that they did not make the prices they got for their produce. Prices were made for them, and they were made at the present moment by the shortage of corn throughout the world, by high freights, the high cost of the materials of production, and by the great demands on our mercantile marine.

Evils of the Fiscal System.

For years and years past under our present fiscal system the nation had cared nothing where it got its supplies of food so long as they got them cheap and plentiful, and the policy in the past succeeded. There was no country in the world where food was cheaper or more plentiful than in Britain. The more food the foreigner could sell us the more money he had to spend on our manufactured goods, and the factories and furnaces and the forges flourished by the ruin of British farms. All these conditions were changed, and for the first time for forty years the nation was feeling the effect of its own fiscal policy and cried out against the necessary results.

When wheat fell to 23s a quarter it ruined farmers by the hundreds and thousands and no consumer protested, but when wheat rose to 70s the nation cried out for a reduction of price.

If one side of our fiscal policy had ruined the British farmer that farmer might say with some show of reason that it was only right that he should be enriched by the other. There was a great deal of truth in all that, but at the same time he had to tell the farmers that they must drop all that. They must forget the injury of the past in their national crisis, and each farmer must only ask the question—What is my duty as a patriotic citizen in this hour of the nation's need?

There could be but one answer, and that was to grow all the food they could for man and beast.

Fixed Prices.

Coming to the question of prices, he might have said let them be determined by the play of the market, but national interests prevented that. The fairest and most honest course to pursue was to fix prices, and if those prices were such as to guarantee a reasonable profit on the farmer's skill and capital the farmer would not want a pecuniary bribe to do his duty to the nation by raising every pound of beef and every pound of bread he could. (Cheers.)

The Government had fixed the price for wheat at 60s a quarter of 504 pounds, and 63 pounds to the bushel. It should be remembered that that was a price for the whole crop, whether it was sown in the autumn or spring, that had to be harvested in 1917. The Government would not be so foolish as to buy damaged wheat at that price, and the wheat would be graded according to quality.

When the wheat was produced and delivered the matter passed into the hands of the Food Controller. He could not tell what the Food Controller would do. The dealers, the miller, and the baker were entitled to a fixed commission, but it was the intention to keep down the intermediate profits as much as possible. (Cheers.)

As to oats, the standard quality was to be 336 pounds, and the price would be announced early next week.

It was proposed to deal in precisely the same way with potatoes, a potential source of great agricultural wealth for this country, and when peace came it was one of the industries he wanted to see in this country.

Barley and Brewing.

Barley was a difficult question. He was found fault with by some temperance papers for saying that if the farmer grew a fine sample of malting barley he could not conceive why he should not get his full price for it. He never thought he should become entangled in the fatal abyss of temperance discussion. (Laughter.)

He still maintained that brewing provided a very valuable feeding stuff for milch cows, and if this were cut off suddenly it would seriously imperil the milk production.

That was a point that in future legislation the country must realise. (Hear, hear.)

The Labour Problem.

As to the labour problem, it has been stated that twenty thousand soldiers would be on the land. Some farmers had spoken of unreasonable soldiers, but he would remind them that there were some unreasonable farmers. (Laughter.) Then it was proposed to make use of German and alien prisoners. There were also numbers of conscientious objectors, and it was anticipated that there would be numbers of men from Mr Neville Chamberlain's man-power operations. Already they had got 100,000 women, and it was hoped to get 100,000 more. These were almost entirely local women.

In conclusion, Mr Prothero said all the farmers in the United Kingdom were enlisted in this supply army for the national needs. It was his desire to establish clubs for growing potatoes and keeping pigs. He hoped to get the Treasury to allow the Board to advance money for the purpose. Those who came under the scheme for buying pigs and seed potatoes would make a small deposit, and they would be asked for the rest when they got their crop in. (Cheers.)

School Children to Help on the Land.

He was anxious to enlist the services of all school children of suitable ages to cultivate the village acres. He hoped the new Minister of Education would shortly issue a direction to schoolmasters on the subject. (Hurrah.) This would prove another source of national wealth. Then an effort would be made towards utilising all our railway sidings.

GERMANS' NEW SEA WAR.

BRITISH SHIPS TO BE SUNK

WITHOUT REGARD TO HUMAN LIVES.

Amsterdam, Saturday Night.

The pro-German journal, the Ockomst, publishes an article from its Berlin correspondent, who is doubtless well acquainted with the views prevalent in German official circles, and who says Germans now regard all British merchant ships as auxiliary cruisers, because Great Britain has decided and ordered that they shall be armed.

He proceeds:—One of the first results of the Entente's flat refusal of the peace offer will be intensified action against every British merchant ship, which will now be regarded as an auxiliary cruiser, and sunk, without regard to human lives aboard, without previous warning.

The correspondent also fears that neutral persons may be sunk with the crews of such auxiliary cruisers, and then, he says, we must see whether neutrals, especially America, will acquies in this action, or will enter the lists against the Central Powers. He anticipates, however, that neutral Governments will warn their countrymen against travelling on such vessels, and will thus be free from any responsibility as regard their nationalities.

He continues:—If these auxiliary cruisers travel under neutral flags, then Germany will request neutrals effectively to oppose this misuse of their flags. Otherwise, the German Government, at the proper time, will declare that it is no longer in a position to respect neutral flags, and will urgently advise neutrals not to travel in certain sea areas, if they do not want to run the danger of being torpedoed without warning, and without regard to the lives of the crew.

MORE VESSELS LOST.

London, Saturday Night.

Lloyd's Agency states the Norwegian steamer Yama is believed to have been sunk.

The Norwegian steamer Erica, before reported as having been sunk, has arrived in port.

Lloyd's Ferrol correspondent says:—The Norwegian steamer Thyra, previously reported found at sea and towed to Estapavares by trawlers, is full of water, and keeps afloat. Assistance is being sent to save her. The crew has gone to Bilbao.

The Swedish schooner Gunilla stranded near Klitmoellen. The ship is a total wreck. The crew was saved, with the exception of one man.

Marseilles, Saturday.

A large Government tug has brought into harbour a German liner, which was found in Greek waters. The liner will be employed on commercial and military services.

THE IVERNIA DISASTER.

Eighty-Five Rank and File Missing.

London, Saturday.

The Admiralty announces additional information has been received from the Mediterranean, which gives the final numbers missing from the rank and file on board the Ivernia as eighty-five.

The first report stated that the rank and file reported missing numbered 120.

LATEST WIRES.

A telegram from Berne says the French Minister again assures the Swiss Government France would respect Swiss neutrality.

Queensland proposes to spend nearly thirteen million pounds on settling soldiers on the land.

A Frankfuerter Zeitung's Berlin message says the number of Polish Volunteers to the German Army is not worth mentioning.

The Italian communique issued on Saturday night says there were only the usual artillery activity and some actions of small reconnoitring parties on our side.

General Wieleman, Chief of the Belgian General Staff, died suddenly from heart failure. He was in charge during the siege of Antwerp and the retreat on the Yser.

A Vienna telegram, received via Amsterdam, says:—Fredrich Adler, who killed Count Stuerch, has attempted to commit suicide by hanging himself in his cell, but was cut down in time.

A conference of Greek residents abroad which met at Paris on Saturday telegraphed to M. Venezelos its keen satisfaction at the official recognition of Greek national government by the guaranteeing Powers.

GREENOCK MINISTER'S SEMI-JUBILEE.

Greenock, Saturday.

Last night, on the occasion of his semi-jubilee, a dputation from the Old West Kirk waited on Rev. Adam Currie minister of the congregation, and in the name of the members Councillor G. H. Patterson made the presentation of a cheque for £40. Mrs Currie was presented by Miss Easton with a handsome spirit kettle.

WILL OF CAMPBELTOWN DISTILLER.

Dunoon, Saturday Night.

An inventory of the personal estate of the late Mr William M'Kersie, distiller, Craigard, Campbeltown, who died there on 3d August, 1916, has been lodged with Mr Jas. Stewart, Sheriff Clerk of Argyllshire, at Dunoon, to-day.

The estate consists of moveables at home amounting to £34,603 15s 2d, moveables abroad to £2708 7s 8d, other moveables being £500, and heritage £3100. This gives a total of £90,912 2s 10d. The estate duly paid amounted to £8186 13s 6d.

NO PEACE MADE IN GERMANY.

DYING SOLDIER'S MESSAGE TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

PACIFISTS WHO PLAY THE ENEMY'S GAME.

London, Saturday Night.

"If our people are deceived at this stage it will be the most tremendous vain sacrifice of life and faith the world has ever seen."

This is a sentence from a remarkable message to his countrymen from a dying soldier regarding the danger of a German-made peace.

The soldier was a corporal—a Welshman—who before the war was a pacifist of the pacifists. His son had enlisted on the first day of the war, and was killed last July on the Somme. His father, whose hair was more nearly white than grey, had been offered a commission, but preferred to keep his place in the ranks, on the plea that he thought he could be of more direct service there, as soldiering was not his business, but simply for the time his necessity as a British subject, a Christian, and a believer in civilisation.

This veteran, who had thrown up all for his ideals, was on his deathbed. "I'm no more use. I'll be under the ground in a week," he said to his friend, Mr D. E. Morgan, who relates this remarkable conversation—

"But there's something I badly want to say before I go. It's no good if it does not somehow reach a whole lot of people, and that's how I came to think of you," he told Mr Morgan. "I thought you would manage it for me somehow.

"As sure as God is in Heaven, my friend, if our people are deceived at this stage, then all the tens of thousands of bits that have been done by our men—yes, and by the hundreds of thousands of Allied soldiers who have gone west with a sure faith in their hearts, all will be made a mockery and a waste, the most tremendous vain sacrifice of life and faith the world has ever seen. No massacre of the innocents that history has ever known could give the devil so much pleasure as that. Why, man, it would be enough to rob Heaven itself of light.

Foggy Cloud of Peace Vapourings.

"I don't need anyone to tell me that the heart of the people is sound. It's always been the basis of my creed. Now, listen! Two nights before my wife left S—— to come down here to me, she went to a meeting at the —— Hall with her sister; and, mark this, our own pastor was on the platform; an honest man, if anyone is. The principal speaker was ——. If he's as clever as he was when I knew him, well, it's hard to understand how he can have been so completely befooled. But I haven't time to consider whether he and his friends are honest dupes, or perverse cranks, or treacherous blackguards.

"It's all this foggy cloud of peace vapourings that strikes a chill into my heart. Any man who is able to claim that he bases his theories on kindness, mercy, and the desire to spare others is always sure of a hearing with our folk.

Playing Germany's Game.

"I understand there are a dozen clever fellows like ——, who my wife heard, who are going up and down the country helping to thicken the fog of peace vapourings, and thereby playing Germany's game for her as surely as though they drew weekly wages from Berlin. Perhaps some of them do. I don't know.

"Just consider now the way this clever fellow my wife heard talked to a crowd of simple folk, our own folk, there in S——, and, mark you, with our dear old pastor—what a fog his kind old mind must be in!—on the platform. The fellow led off—and you know how well he can talk—with some little stories about our men at the front; warmed everyone's heart, you know! how fine the men are, and so on. It's little our chaps would thank him for his praise if they heard what followed.

"Then he went on to some telling pictures of the horrors of war—the terrible business that it is. What does he know of the horrors of war What can he even dream of that we haven't felt in our own persons And yet he'd rob us of the only end and reward for it all that any Tommy or poilu in France cares a jot about. Then very deftly, you know, he goes on to the beauties of peace. What does he know of the beauties of peace, who never had faced an enemy? Nothing, my friend; less than nothing.

"And then, having painted all those delights of peace that he cannot for the life of him appreciate, really, because he's never tasted in his own person the other thing, or seen the deadly, savage work of the Hun—then he warms to his work, and makes the simple souls in front feel that he is really taking them into his well-informed confidence now.

"Peace To-morrow!"

"I give you my word," says this clever fellow, "that you can have peace to-morrow if you will only demand it with one voice. I know the whole intricate inside of the business. Germany will give peace to-morrow, he says. The conditions and objects of the war are no longer what they were in the beginning, when we went in to save Belgium and France. Germany is willing to restore Belgium and to give back all she has seized of France, and probably more. Why, then, should we continue to shed the blood of our splendid soldiers, when I assure you that we could obtain at once, by the simple process of negotiation, all our original objects in entering upon this terrible and devastating war. To continue means wanton and needless bloodshed.

"The heart of our people is sound as a bell, and their minds are set. Do not suffer them," said the dying man, "to be poisoned into blind gropings after treachery by the vapourings of either traitors, cranks, or fools."

The corporal bade me give his message strength. I give it his own words, no more. In the early morning of the last day of 1916 he passed away very peacefully to the rest he had earned.

CAPT. CORNWALLIS WEST

ENTERS VIGOROUS DEFENCE OF HIS MOTHER.

"AN IMPETUOUS IRISH WOMAN."

London, Saturday Night.

In connection with the publication of the Committee's report in the Lieutenant Barrett inquiry, it will be recalled that the Committee passed severe strictures on the conduct of Mrs Cornwallis West, wife of the Lord-Lieutenant of Denbighshire.

Captain George Cornwallis West, the son of Mrs Cornwallis West and the husband of Mrs Patrick Campbell, has, with the permission of the War Office, contributed a statement of his views on the case in which his mother was concerned.

"My mother is an impetuous Irishwoman, of a nature which never has been or ever will be understood or appreciated by the English. That she was guilty of indiscretion in writing to responsible officers at the War Office on matters which did not concern her I will admit. I will even go so far as to say that vanity may have caused her to boast about a power which she did not possess.

"But that the insinuations which appeared in the papers are in any way true I absolutely deny. The opinion of the Court was that Mrs Cornwallis West's evidence was false, and yet not on one single occasion when cross-examined by so able a man as the present Attorney-General was she in any way shaken. Why this conclusion should have been arrived at I am entirely in the dark.

Beloved in Her Own County.

"My mother, as wife of the Lord-Lieutenant of the County, has had a leading position in Denbighshire for many years. She is beloved and respected in her own county, and no woman has worked harder in the interests of the country than she has since the commencement of the war. Why, then, should her evidence be disbelieved and that of other people accepted as true in its entirety?

"In view of what I have stated, it would have been fairer if definite reasons could have been given for the statement made that her evidence was unreliable.

"Neither the press nor the public have been allowed to appreciate the political intrigue which may lie behind the whole of the case. A distinguished member of Parliament, entirely on his own initiative, as he was unknown to any of my family or the counsel who represented them, came forward and gave evidence on this particular point. It is not an exaggeration to say that it fell like a bombshell on the Court.

"Is it not very extraordinary that no mention was made of this in the findings of the Court, or is it because his evidence was, for some reason not explained, disbelieved, and my mother's? It has been reported in the papers that my mother has given up her house on account of the verdict against her. This is entirely untrue. She has given up all her duties because she has been an invalid confined to her bed for the last month.

"In conclusion, I cannot but feel, and I am sure those who have the privilege of my mother's friendship will agree with me, that she has been used to whitewash certain individuals in high positions and has herself been badly smudged in the process."

Hundreds of Letters of Sympathy.

Mrs Cornwallis West was seen by a Liverpool reporter to-day, but declined to say anything further than that she was still receiving hundreds of letters and telegrams expressing sympathy with her on the result of the inquiry.

PIONEER OF GRANITE INDUSTRY

Passes Away at Aberdeen.

Aberdeen, Saturday Night.

One of Aberdeen's best known citizens, and one of the pioneers of the granite industry, died to-day in the person of Councillor William Edwards. Mr Edwards was a native of Auchindachy, Banffshire, and was essentially a self-made man.

Nearly fifty years ago he was in the employment of ex-Bailie Boadie, who is undoubtedly the veteran of the granite trade in the city. After spending several years at the trade in America Mr Edwards returned to Aberdeen and commenced business on his own account. In later years he was joined by his eldest son, William, and the business grew to extensive dimensions.

Mr Edwards had been in business for forty years. For many years he had been a member of the Town Council, representing St Andrew's Ward for fifteen years, and was a Magistrate for several terms. Personally Mr Edwards was a man of a lovable disposition, and was held in the highest esteem in all sections of the community. He was seventy-one years of age, and is survived by two sons and five daughters.

GOVAN GIRL FATALLY SCALDED.

Govan, Saturday Night.

The death was reported to the Govan police to-day of Georgina Riach Kerr, a child of eighteen months, daughter of William Kerr, sawyer, 117 Broomloan Road, Govan, who has succumbed in the Western Infirmary to scalding injuries.

A pot containing hot stew had been placed on a wooden stool in front of the fire, when the child accidentally slipped on a small piece of wood, causing the contents of the pot to fall about her, severely scalding her on the body and legs. The mother attended to the burns, then, wrapping the child in a blanket, took her to the Western Infirmary. The little one, however, gradually grew worse, and died as stated.

THROWS MANTLE OVER TEACHER'S HEAD,

AND BOLTS WITH SCHOOL MONEY.

Lochgelly, Saturday.

At Lochgelly Police Court to-day James Hackett, 57 Mungall Street, Lumphinnans, was charged with stealing £1 13s 4d from the Lochgelly R.C. School. He pleaded guilty.

It appears that Hackett had been convicted of housebreaking in 1912 and sent for five years to a reformatory school. Mr Quaill, superintendent of the school, was present in Court, and explained that Halkett, who is only seventeen years of age, was extraordinarily good while under his charge.

He was let off before his time was up, and he joined the army. He formerly attended the R.C. school, and on the day of the theft he visited the school and saw the head teacher. When her back was turned he threw a mantle over her, and decamped with the money. He was subsequently arrested.

Mr Quaill asked the Magistrate to allow Halkett to be sent back to the reformatory school until he was eighteen years of age, and Bailie Hunter agreed to this. Prisoner was weeping bitterly in Court, and he was taken away in charge of Mr Quaill.

HAMILTON PROVOST ENTERTAINS

Wives and Children of Soldiers.

Hamilton, Saturday Night.

The Hamilton Hippodrome was filled to overflowing this afternoon, when, through the kindness of Provost and Mrs Moffat, the wives and children of local soldiers at present on service were entertained. Upwards of 1500 people, young and old, crowded the building, which was kindly lent for the occasion by Mr E. H. Bostock.

Provost Moffat, who presided, gave an interesting introductory address, in which he referred to the loyalty and patriotism of the men of Hamilton. Two years ago, at this time, it was possible for the Hamilton Hippodrome to accommodate on one occasion all the children and wives of soldiers on service, but now two Saturday afternoons in succession would be necessary for the purpose.

Mrs Moffat and himself, he explained, had, with the kindly collaboration of Mr Rene Clayton, the manager overlooking Mr Bostock's interests in Lanarkshire, arranged to entertain upwards of 3000 women and children.

SENTENCE ON WOUNDED SOLDIER.

Intervention of the Home Office.

Dumfries, Saturday.

Instructions have been received to-day from the Home Office that a report be forwarded to them regarding the circumstances under which Provost Macaulay at Dumfries recently passed sentence of seven days' imprisonment for contempt of Court on a wounded soldier, Pte. Harry Hore, Naval Division, after another charge against him had been disposed of.

Attention was called to the matter at a meeting of Dumfries Trades Council, and the action of the Provost was characterised as "monstrously unjust."

SCOTTISH QUOITER'S GOLDEN WEDDING.

Cambuslang, Saturday.

Mr and Mrs Thomas M'Lay, a venerable couple, well known in the Newton district of Lanarkshire, have just celebrated their golden wedding. They were married in Woodburn Parish, Linlithgow, in 1866, and had twelve children, eight of whom are alive.

Mr M'Lay, who was born at Greenend, near Coatbridge, seventy-one years ago, became a miner at the immature age of ten, and is still employed underground in Renton Colliery. In early life he was an enthusiastic and expert quoiter.

Mrs M'Lay, who is sixty-eight years of age, is a native of Wanlockhead, Leadhills.

H. E. Ronald, the marker in the billiard match in Edinburgh between Tom Aiken, the Scottish champion, and Claude Falkiner, the well-known Yorkshire player, which ended last night, has "done his bit." An artilleryman, he went out with the first Expeditionary Force, and took part in the Battle of the Marne, where he received the wounds which led to his discharge.

DARING ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE.

LAD WALKS ALONG THIRD-STOREY WINDOW LEDGE.

SENSATIONAL CAPTURE AT GOVAN.

Govan, Saturday.

Hugh M'Gregor is but a lad of seventeen, but he has already had adventures such as fall to the lot of few men in a lifetime.

Some time ago M'Gregor was wanted by the Govan police, but when they went to his home they found that the bird had flown. It was not long before they learned where he was, however, as he got into trouble down Greenock way, and the Greenock authorities communicated with the Govan police.

M'Gregor was tried at Greenock, and sentenced to be sent to a Borstal Institution for three years. He was not disposed to submit without making a bold bid for freedom, however, and on his way under escort in a cab to the Borstal Institution he gave his captors the slip, and successfully made his escape.

Information reached the Govan police that M'Gregor had returned to Govan, and, having satisfied themselves that the information was correct, the police set about effecting his arrest one evening this week.

Daring Attempt to Escape.

A sergeant and a constable proceeded to the house where their quarry was understood to be in hiding. The house is situated on the top flat of a modern three-storey tenement, and there is a narrow ledge running along the building connecting the sill of one window with another. It was quite dark when the police visited the house, the sergeant going up to the door and the constable remaining on guard below.

When the sergeant knocked at the door he was met by the assurance that M'Gregor was not in the house, but he had his doubts which were dramatically confirmed when he perceived a figure outside the window daringly venturing to walk along the ledge. The constable below had also witnessed the daring attempt to escape, and stood fascinated while the lad M'Gregor, with the agility of a monkey, walked along the perilously narrow ledge past one window, two, three, and finally enter in by a fourth window into another house further along the street.

The Widow in Amazement.

The police officers immediately hastened to the house where M'Gregor was seen to enter. It was occupied by a widow woman, who naturally was entirely at sea when the officers informed her that they believed there was a "wanted" man in hiding in her house. She invited the officers to make a search, however, and, sure enough, there beneath the room table Wee M'Gregor was found crouching. The poor woman of the house was flabbergasted. "My God! My God!" she exclaimed. "What is the meaning of this?" The police secured their prisoner, and explained what had transpired, and M'Gregor has now been handed over to the Greenock police to be dealt with by them.

GLASGOW DRAUGHTS PLAYER'S SUCCESS.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

The Scottish championship for draughts was won to-night by Collingwood, a noted Glasgow player. Of the six games which were played between the winner and his opponent, Boyle, five were draws. Boyle was awarded the second prize. The contest was held in the Lesser City Hall, Glasgow, there being a large attendance present.

INCREASE FOR COAL TRIMMERS.

Leith, Saturday.

As a result of negotiations, an agreement has been come to by which the Leith coal trimmers have been granted concessions representing an increase of nearly 25 per cent. upon their earnings, which is equivalent to between 12s and 15s per week. Among the other terms of the agreement are satisfactory arrangements regarding week-end working hours. The week ending to-day was the first under the new agreement, and all the men expressed themselves as being satisfied with the increase.

MEMORIAL TO IRVINE V.C. UNVEILED.

BRAVE SON OF PARISH MINISTER.

Irvine, Saturday Night.

There was a representative gathering this afternoon, including Lord and Lady Eglinton, Sir Ralph Anstruther, Provost Muir, and Town Councillors at the unveiling of a memorial in Irvine Parish Church to the late Captain Harry Sherwood Rankin, V.C., R.A.M.C., son of the parish minister.

The unveiling ceremony was performed by the Countess of Eglinton, who delivered a touching tribute to the late warrant officer.

Rev. Mr M'Clymont, convener of the Army Chaplains' Committee, spoke of the great loss to medical science through Captain Rankin's death. He told how Captain Rankin volunteered at the start of the war while at home on holiday, and was through the early fighting, including the Mons retreat. He went through a murderous fire to tend a wounded officer, and was completing the dressing of the wounds when he was hit by a shell, which nearly severed his leg. He lay all night, and when taken to the dressing station refused attention until others were disposed of.

The Victoria Cross was given for notable valour and devotion to duty, which was the means of saving many lives, and the French Legion of Honour for gallant conduct.

KIRKCALDY GOLDEN WEDDING.

Ex-Councillor and Leading Co-Operator.

Kirkcaldy, Saturday Night.

A golden wedding of considerable interest to co-operators throughout the country was celebrated this afternoon in the Co-Operative Hall, Kirkcaldy, when ex-Councillor John Balfour and Mrs Balfour, Union Street, were received by a large gathering of relatives and friends.

Mr Balfour has been president of the Pathhead and Sinclairtown Co-Operative Society since it was founded twenty-seven years ago, and was formerly a Town Councillor. He is also a prominent member of the Fife and Kinross Co-Operative Conference, and at the golden wedding function this afternoon he was presented by the conference with a purse of money.

The employees of the Pathhead and Sinclairtown Society also presented the president with a handsome treasury note case with treasury notes.

The family and many friends of the esteemed couple gave suitable gifts.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS

Declare for War-Time Prohibition.

Dundee, Saturday.

The Scottish School Attendance Officers' Association held their annual conference in Dundee to-day, when Mr John Duncan, Glasgow, president, occupied the chair, and representatives were present from Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, Govan, Leith, Renfrew, and Irvine.

At the outset the president submitted a resolution asking the Government to pass without unnecessary delay a measure prohibiting the manufacture, sale, or consumption of alcoholic liquor during the war and demobilisation of the army and navy, and added that justification for their action was to be found in the waste of food material involved in the manufacture of intoxicants, the utilisation of railways and ships, and the needless waste of money, while their conviction was based upon official experience as school attendance officers of the influence of intoxicants on the child life of the country. Intemperance, in their judgment, was to a very large extent the cause of the abnormal high rate of infantile mortality.

Mr C. Gordon M'Kenzie, Dundee, in seconding, said that as school attendance officers they knew the benefit prohibition would confer upon the child life of the community, and he did not think that anyone could gainsay that quite a large proportion of the mortality amongst children was brought about by the drinking habits of their parents.

Mr James Murray, Glasgow, said that the main cause of abstention by workers was intemperate habits. Men who were earning from £3 to £4 a week were absent from their work for a fortnight just because of spells of intemperance.

The resolution was unanimously agreed to.

THE CABINET'S CATSPAW.

PROTEST AGAINST LABOURISTS JOINING GOVERNMENT.

STRONG LANGUAGE AT GLASGOW I.L.P. MEETING

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

There were several interesting discussions, in the course of which some strong language was used, at the annual conference in Glasgow this afternoon of the Scottish Division of the Independent Labour Party. In the absence of Mr James Maxton (who, it will be remembered, is in prison as the result of a prosecution under the Defence of the Realm Act), Mr R. P. Small, Workers' Union, presided.

The Chairman, after paying a warm tribute to the admirable propaganda work of Mr Maxton, remarked that the I.L.P. was beginning again to get the real respect of the people and to make progress in a way that some of them thought was almost impossible. During the last nine months ten new branches had been formed in Scotland alone, and there was not a branch in the United Kingdom which had not increased its membership. That showed, he thought, that the people were beginning to see that the policy of the I.L.P. was the policy, and that the party was the party of the future. (Applause.)

A Peace Resolution.

Peace was one of the first subjects discussed. Several resolutions had been tabled, but the Executive were responsible for one which set forth that the conference deplored the action of the Allied Governments in rejecting the offer of the German Government to consider terms of peace; calls upon the British Government to reconsider the position, and, in view of the request from President Wilson for a statement of the objects for which the war is being waged, to immediately make such a statement in clear and unequivocal terms; and that the conference further declared its belief that any prolongation of the war by refusal to negotiate constituted a crime against humanity.

Mr Hugh Guthrie, who moved the resolution, said the time had come when they should have a clear understanding as to what was the price of peace. They had been told that one essential was the destruction of German militarism, but if there was one thing that had been discredited among the working people it was German Junkerism. The Junkers were now fighting with their backs to the wall, and the offer of peace had been practically forced upon the German Government by the German people.

There was a general belief in an appeal round the table, and if they could only bring pressure to bear upon the British Government to state definitely the terms upon which they would be willing to negotiate once the delegates got round the table, they would not be allowed to leave until they had secured, not only a present peace, but the permanent peace that the peoples of all nations so urgently desired. "We are scrapping our liberties day by day," Mr Guthrie declared, "and one thing we are scrapping is British democracy."

Mr J. K. Nichol, Dalry, seconded, and the motion was adopted.

"A Disgraceful Sacrifice of Principle."

The relationship of the I.L.P. to the Parliamentary Labour party was discussed at considerable length on the following resolution, proposed on behalf of the Executive:—

"This Conference of the Independent Labour Party views with deep regret and condemnation the action of the Parliamentary Labour party in associating itself with the recently-formed capitalist Government, and in recommending several of its members to take office therein. It regards this action as a violation of the constitution of the Labour party, and a disgraceful sacrifice of the principle of political independence, for the maintenance and development of which as a means of working class emancipation the Labour party was formed. This Conference, therefore, calls upon the Parliamentary Labour party to regain its independence by immediately withdrawing from the capitalist Government those of its members who have accepted office."

Councillor George Kerr, Glasgow, in moving the resolution, said he did not think the Labour Ministers entered the Cabinet merely for the £ s d involved, but because of the pledges given to them as to what they might be able to do for their party, and because of the desire to get inside a Cabinet and be called Cabinet Ministers. In entering the Government, however, they had inflicted a very serious blow at the independence and the future development of the Labour Party.

Bailie Archibald, Edinburgh, who seconded, suggested that the Labour Party should adopt the policy of the Irish Party and not join a Government under any circumstances. In the Cabinet the six Labourists would be hopelessly outvoted. How could they, he asked, get anything like what they wanted with men like Lord Derby, Mr Lloyd George, and Sir Edward Carson? The Government, he suggested, were making a catspaw of the Labour Party and getting them to do all the dirty work.

The Descent.

Councillor Shinwell said the first step on the downgrade had been joining the first Government; once that was done the descent into hell was quite easy. (Laughter.) The Labour Ministers were drawing £70 per week, and they were going to hang on to the spoils of office as long as they could do so comfortably and safely. (Hear, hear.)

Councillor Dollan did not believe that the Labour Party had gone into the Unionist Government because of the motive of personal gain, and he did not think it was playing the game to suggest that these men had gone into the Government because of what they would get financially; they had gone in, he thought, because they were over patriotic.

The resolution was adopted.

LIEUTENANT BARRETT AND TWO GOOD FRIENDS.

Photo by H. Walter Barnett.

Trio of the principals in the famous War Office inquiry. On the left is Lieutenant Barrett, whose conduct as an officer and a gentleman has been entirely vindicated. Mr and Mrs Birch took the part of the persecuted young officer.

BLANTYRE BOYS' ESCAPADE.

THEFT OF MILK CART AND JEWELLERY.

FARMER'S SISTER GIVES CHASE.

Dunoon, Saturday

A strange story was told in Dunoon Sheriff Court this afternoon concerning the conduct of two Blantyre lads, John Lennon (17) and John Edmiston (16½) at the farm of Pennymore, near Furnace, Lochfyne, tenanted by Mr John Fergusson.

It showed that Miss Fergusson, sister of the farmer, has a Sherlock Holmes instinct fully developed.

The lads were engaged at the Cattle Market in Glasgow to work on the farm, and this they did till the third morning of the year, being very diligent, and earning the encomiums of the home for attention to duty in the previous days.

One of them was in the habit of going out with the milk cart, and early in the morning his companion joined him on the cart without permission. This raised the suspicion of Miss Fergusson, who made an examination of the house, and found that her desk had been opened and £5 9s 3d abstracted.

Although the morning was wet and cold, Miss Fergusson mounted a bicycle and gave chase, coming on the milk cart after a run of about two miles.

The Fiscal explained that it seemed to be the intention of the boys to steal the milk cart and horse and leave them at Ardrishaig, from whence they intended to make their escape to Glasgow. One of the lads at once handed over £4. Miss Fergusson drove the horse home, and on the way found in the cart a Gladstone bag filled with jewellery and an assortment of clothing.

After the robbery was reported to Sergeant Peter Mackinnon at Inveraray, the two boys were discovered wandering about the streets of Lochgilphead with 20s in their possession.

Both lads pleaded guilty, and Mr M. D. Macpherson, solicitor, explained that the thefts had been committed on the impulse of the moment.

The Fiscal explained that one of the boys had been in a reformatory.

Sheriff Penney, in passing sentence of a month's imprisonment, remarked that it must have been strong impulse that caused them to carry away jewellery and clothing and then go away with a milk cart and horse.

LANARKSHIRE YOUTHS ANNEX £20,

AND BUY PRESENTS FOR FEMALE FRIENDS.

Lanark, Saturday.

The daring escapade of two youths from Lanark district was recorded in the Sheriff Court to-day, when Thomas Duffy (17), Bannatyne Street, Lanark, and Scott Clarkston (15), Linnville, Kirkfieldbank, near Lanark, appeared before Hon. Sheriff Houston on a serious charge of theft.

Wanted to the Pictures.

The charge against the boys was that, on 1st January, they had broken into a lockfast chest in the kitchen of Lockhart Mill Farm, Lanark, and stolen a sum of £20. Both the accused pleaded guilty.

The story of the crime was to the effect that Clarkston, who was employed as a servant on the farm, asked his employer, Mr Thomas Brown, on 30th December for two shillings "to go to the pictures." Mr Brown took the money from the chest in the kitchen, which also contained £18 in notes, three tenshilling Treasury notes, and ten shillings in silver.

Night in a Glasgow Hotel.

Duffy, who worked at The Drums, a neighbouring farm in the parish of Carluke, was present with Clarkston when Mr Brown gave him the money. On Monday morning Clarkston obtained a key, with which he opened the chest in company with Duffy, and extracted the £20. The youths made their way to Glasgow on Monday, where they bought watches, chains, brooches, rings, opera glasses, and many other articles. They put up for the night in a Glasgow hotel, where they stated a soldier annexed one of their watches. They made presents of several of the articles to a number of their female friends.

Running short of funds, the boys came to Wishaw, where they pawned the articles bought in Glasgow. The theft was not reported until late on Thursday to the Lanark Police, whose investigations led to the culprits being apprehended in a lodging-house in Wishaw. When arrested they had only 1s 7d in money left. Duffy stated that he had recently left the mines to work as a farm servant, and while employed in the pits earned £2 8s per week.

Duffy, who had one previous conviction recorded against him, was fined 15s, with the option of ten days' imprisonment, and Clarkston, who had several previous convictions against him, and was still under probation, was ordered to receive twelve stripes of the birch.

This is the first case of birching that has ever taken place in Lanark.

EX-SOLDIER'S LAPSE AT GREENOCK.

Greenock, Saturday.

Patrick Rush, hole borer, who had been in the army, appeared at the Police Court today on a charge of assaulting a man and woman.

The Fiscal said that while serving with the colours accused bore an excellent character, and had been recommended by his officer for the D.C.M.

Police Judge Robinson regretted that an ex-soldier should have so far forgot himself as to injure a woman. In view of what had been said by the Fiscal the sentence would be modified to a fine of 20s.

ARMY PREFERRED TO MUNITIONS,

BUT COURT REFUSES "CLEARANCE."

SHERIFF FYFE AND THE PLUMBER.

Annan, Saturday.

Sheriff Fyfe, of Glasgow, disposed of a number of interesting cases which came up to-day at a sitting of the Munitions Tribunal held at Annan.

A lengthy argument took place between his Lordship and Henry Exton, plumber, residing at 9 Catherine Street, Dumfries, regarding whether a man of military age has the right to chose to go to the army in preference to remaining at munitions, and the Sheriff made it clear that the State has a perfect right to say what kind of work a man must engage in when his country is at war.

Passed For General Service.

Mr Exton is a man of forty years of age and of more than average intelligence, and he came prepared to hold his argument before the Court. He stated that he was engaged with a controlled firm. He entered the firm's employment voluntarily, preferring that to military service for an indefinite period, after being passed for general service. He, however, now found that he did not like the work, as it was "unsuitable to his disposition." He, therefore, wished to get a clearance certificate, and go to the army. He had made inqufry and he found there was no law which gave an employer power to retain a workman against his will so long as he was anxious to serve with the forces.

In reply to the Sheriff, applicant stated that he had not been in the army, but was an attested man.

A representative of the employers said it was impossible to release this man, as he was engaged on very urgent work.

The Sheriff's View.

The Sheriff said that applicant was entirely mistaken in the views he held. It was not the case that the military had a preferable claim to the munition authorities. As a matter of fact at the present time munition work was more pressing than service in the army, and hundreds of men were being sent from the army to munition work. Men must sink their personal likes and preferences in presence of the country's requirements, and the cry was for "munitions and more munitions."

The application was refused.

Bad Language Quite Common.

George Strand, Eastriggs, was charged with using abusive language and refusing to obey the orders of the shift chemist.

Accused, on being asked to explain his conduct, said it was quite common to use bad language down there, and the shift chemist was doing the same himself.

His Lordship imposed a fine of £1.

DUCAL GENEROSITY AT HAMILTON PALACE.

Hamilton, Saturday Night.

Through the kindness of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton the children of the workers employed on the Ducal estates were this afternoon entertained at a memorable gathering within the precincts of Hamilton Palace.

The young people, who numbered several hundreds, assembled in the grand hall at the palace, and thereafter ascended the famous marble staircase to the Egyptian Hall. Here a sumptuous repast had been provided for them, and afterwards a cinematograph exhibition, arranged by Messrs Lizars, Glasgow, was carried through.

Mr J. T. Storar, chamberlain on the Hamilton estates, presided, and he was supported on the platform by many of the old-time servants.

AIRDRIE SOLDIER DROWNED.

Airdrie, Saturday.

Mr and Mrs Muir, 19 Buchanan Street, Airdrie, received official intimation this afternoon that their son, Private John Muir, Seaforth Highlanders, had been drowned accidentally while on duty at the front.

He had fallen into a canal. His body was recovered the following day, and the captain of his company, in his letter, states that the young man was very highly respected and was deeply mourned by his comrades, who attended his funeral in large numbers. Pte. Muir enlisted in September, 1914, and was previously employed in Messrs Stewarts & Lloyds' Imperial Tube Works.

GLASGOW FAMILY'S TERRIBLE BLOW.

FATHER, MOTHER, AND TWO CHILDREN

PERISH IN RAILWAY DISASTER.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

The remains of Mr and Mrs Robert Lyall and their two children, victims in the Ratho train disaster, were interred in Lambhill Cemetery this afternoon, amid many manifestations of public sympathy.

The bodies were conveyed from Edinburgh, and arrived at Cowlairs N.B. Station about 1.30. There they were removed to two hearses, the white coffins of the children being conveyed in one and the black coffins of the parents being enclosed in the other.

The cortege proceeded to the Episcopal Church in Mollinsburn Street, Springburn, where a brief service was conducted by the Rev. W. Jowitt, minister of the church, and where the Dead March in "Saul" was played.

The proceedings attracted a considerable interest, and crowds of people lined the busier routes through which the cortege passed.

Even at a time when sorrow and bereavement occasioned by the war has fortified the public to bear news of disaster with a feeling of quiet resignation, the awful calamity to the Lyall family has stirred Springburn residenters to a special degree. Especially in the neighbourhood where the luckless family resided has the wave of sympathy been acute, and on all hands the fourfold tragedy, in the one Springburn home, has touched the populace of that teeming district to the quick.

The unfortunate victims were Mr and Mrs Robert Lyall, who resided at 80 Petershill Road, and their two children, Ina and Margaret, aged seven and nine years respectively. Two other members of the family, Robert, aged about fifteen, and Jeannie, about thirteen, were injured, and are now under treatment in Edinburgh Royal Infirmary.

Of a quiet and unassuming disposition, Mr and Mrs Lyall were highly respected in the Springburn district, where they had been resident for about six years.

Both belonged to Berwick-on-Tweed, where they had a house known as Ravensdoune.

During the brief respite for the New Year Holidays Mr and Mrs Lyall, together with his brother and his wife, also among the injured, who reside at 219 Gourlay Street, Springburn, had been on a brief visit to their native place, and were just returning to Glasgow at the time of the disaster.

The two families were travelling together, and when the crash occurred all were terribly injured.

Happily the two eldest members of the Lyall family, a daughter engaged on munitions with Messrs Braby & Sons, and a son, who is employed on the Caledonian Railway Locomotive Works, did not leave the city, and, needless to add, are prostrated with grief by the terrible blow which has fallen upon the family.

Mr and Mrs Lyall were connected with the Episcopal Church, and well known throughout the Springburn district.

Originally Mr Robert Lyall had followed the calling of a tailor, but recently had been employed in the Caledonian Railway Locomotive Works.

FOUR VICTIMS INTERRED

In Edinburgh Cemeteries.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

The funerals also took place in Edinburgh this afternoon of four others who lost their lives in the disaster.

Three of the deceased were interred in Echobank Cemetery, the funerals taking place from the city mortuary. The first funeral was that of a Glasgow man, Duncan M'Fadyen, whose home was at 293 Parliamentary Road, and it was followed by that of Hugh Peat, an Edinburgh lad, who had been employed for some time at a munition works in Glasgow. The other funeral was that of William Pentzlin, 102 London Street, Glasgow. Pentzlin's widow resides in Leith.

Before the remains were conveyed to the cemetery brief services were conducted in the mortuary chapel, and there were also services at the graveside.

The remains of Mrs Margaret Philp or Gibson, who resided at 708 Yoker Road, Glasgow, were also interred this afternoon, the funeral taking place to the Grange Cemetery from 1 Cluny Avenue, the house of her brother-in-law, Mr W. Gibson.

GERMANY'S MOST FOOLISH ACT.

LORD HALDANE AND "SPIRITUAL WEAPONS."

EDUCATION REFORMS AFTER THE WAR.

Perth, Saturday Night.

Viscount Haldane of Cloan addressed a public meeting in the Lesser City Hall, Perth, to-day under the auspices of the Perthshire branch of the E.I.S., on the subject of "Education After the War." Mr Sprunt, president, occupied the chair.

Lord Haldane said things were going not badly with education to-day. There was more stir in the cause, more life in the movement than he remembered in his lifetime. It was a good omen that this change should come over the sluggish and apathetic attitude of the British public.

The calamity of that tremendous war had brought with it one element at least of brightness and hope. Their people had been stirred out of their slumbers. The long years of prosperity which had gone on without change had led them to think that they were the children of Providence, who were always to be taken care of without any effort of their own, and they allowed their national trade to fall behind the standards which were being pressed forward by other nations.

The war had changed all that. They had begun to learn their second lesson that they could not have the knowledge of science required for the advancement of their industries and for making of great discoveries unless they had broad foundations of education in their people.

Germany's Great Mistake.

A distinguished man, who knew the Continent in a way few people did in this country, said to him that the most foolish thing Germany had done was to get into this war in 1914. Had she waited ten years more, until 1924, such was the rapidity of her advance in organisation, in education, and in general training, and such were the accumulation of wealth and resources, that she would have been almost irresistible. The war had come in time. They had learned the German lesson in more ways than one, and they hoped they would meet her with spiritual weapons just as they were meeting her with temporal weapons. It took the war to waken them to that.

Don't let them think that the misfortune and calamity they had at the present moment was a misfortune and a calamity which did not bring spiritual benefit with them. In the new educational movement Scottish traditions would not be submerged. Its broad basis would be the United Kingdom, but he was afraid the English would not have their own way, nor would education be so much in their hands. The foundations of the new educational policy had pretty nearly been laid, and although they had not yet come formally before Parliament there was so little that was controversial that he had no hesitation as to what public opinion would pronounce on the broad principles.

This was to be a very big business, and a very expensive business. They had got to put their hands into their pockets for this. If they did not spend they should not have any pockets to put their hands into—(laughter)—and their pockets would have so many holes in the lining that what was in them would gradually drop out.

Deadly "Blind Alley Employment.

One great reform in elementary schools was the guidance of the child between eleven and a half and fourteen years. The child must be taught in these later years by teachers with a wide outlook and training. After fourteen they must make it possible for a boy or girl who had to earn something after that age that at the same time that boy or girl was trained. They should stop blind alley employment. It was deadly.

When he was War Minister he found that thirteen per cent. of recruits could not write or read, because they had been in blind alley employments, and had forgotten any education they had received. Employers must be bound to send boys or girls to trade continuation schools to be taught about their business by practical men, and to receive a certain amount of education by the schoolmaster. At eighteen they would be examined, and if they passed they would get a journeyman's certificate, and if they attended for another three years they would get a master's certificate. Lord Haldane also dealt with reforms in secondary education.

On the motion of Mr D. Purdie, Birnam, Lord Haldane was heartily thanked for his address.

OLD LADY'S SAD END.

RUN DOWN ON HIGHLAND RAILWAY

WHEN CROSSING LINE TO MEET GROCER'S VAN.

Pitlochry, Saturday Night.

A tragic fatality occurred this afternoon at Moulinearn Crossing on the Highland Line, between Pitlochry and Ballinluig, resulting in the death of an octogenarian named Isabella Robertson.

The public road runs alongside the railway on the opposite side from Moulinearn, and Miss Robertson, in taking some eggs over to a Pitlochry merchant's van to exchange for groceries, did not appear to have observed an oncoming passenger train for the South.

She had almost got across, when she was struck by the engine, and instantaneously killed, the body being thrown to the side of the line a distance of about ten yards. The impact broke the bottom rail of a wooden fence.

Miss Robertson, who lived alone, was eighty-six years of age, and was a native of Blair Atholl. She was for some time in the service of the Duke of Atholl, but had resided for over forty years at Moulinearn. Notwithstanding her advanced age, she was in the full possession of her mental faculties, and enjoyed good health.

The tragic event created a feeling of deep gloom in the locality, where Miss Robertson was very well known and respected.

JOYFUL TIDINGS FOR INVERNESS FAMILY.

Letter From Son Reported Dead.

Inverness, Saturday Night.

The joyful intelligence has been received by friends of Corporal Angus Maclennan, Lovat Scouts, Bunchrew, Inverness, that he is in hospital in Salonika. He was reported by the War Office to be killed a few weeks ago.

In his letter, Corporal Maclennan gives a stirring account of the manner in which the British troops fought in the taking of an important wood. Corporal Maclennan was wounded and sent to hospital, where he expects to make a speedy recovery, and hopes to be soon back to the fighting line.

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"I will send (absolutely free and without obligation) to any other sufferer full and complete description of how I cured the hair root and all, so that it has never returned. If you have a hair growth you wish to destroy, stop wasting your money on worthless powders, pastes, and liquids, or the dangerous electric needle; learn from me the safe and painless method I found. Simply send your name and address (stating whether Mrs. or Miss) and two penny stamps for reply, addressed as below."

FREE COUPON. This certificate entitles any reader to Mrs. Hudson's free confidential instructions for the Banishment of Superfluous Hair if sent with 2 penny stamps for postage. Good for immediate use only. Address Frederica Hudson, Suite 2311., 9 Old Cavendish Street, London, W.

IMPORTANT NOTE.—Mrs. Hudson belongs to a family high in Society, and is the widow of a prominent Officer in the British Army, so you can write her with every confidence. Address as above.—Advt.

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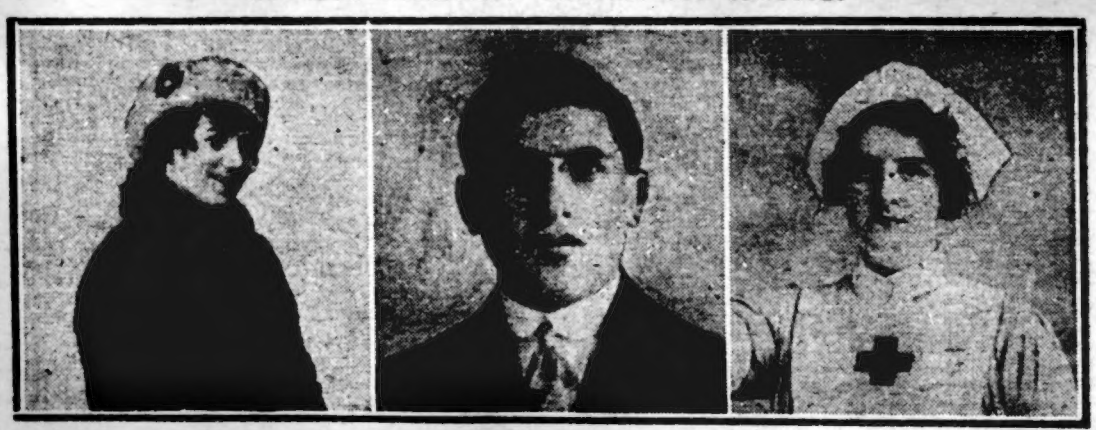
IN THE RAILWAY SMASH AT RATHO.



The railway smash at Ratho proved a sad ending to the New Year holiday for numerous families. Photograph at extreme left is that of Miss Annie Hillhyres, 212 Gourlay Street, Springburn, who is in hospital suffering from severe injuries to spine and head; in the centre is Louis Blass, 35 Hospital Street, Glasgow, injured in the ribs. The nurse is Miss Alice Walsh, 40 Dunmore Street, Glasgow, who, finding herself uninjured, at once went to the assistance of the others less fortunate.

" . . . a mine was successfully exploded under a section of the enemy's trench." — Actual Extract from Official Despatch.

BETWEEN THE LINES

By BOYD CABLE

Mr Boyd Cable.
By courtesy of "The Patrician."

" . . . a mine was successfully exploded under a section of the enemy's trench."—Actual Extract from an Official Despatch.

The author of "Between the Lines" is Mr BOYD CABLE, an Artillery Forward-Officer, serving on the Western Front. This wonderfully vivid description of life in the fighting-line has all been written within sound of the German guns, and for the most part within shell and rifle range. The story of "The Mine," told this week, is one of the greatest ever written of the War, and is an example of the gripping character of the author's work. The serial publication of "Between the Lines" has been secured for our readers by special arrangement with the author and the publishers — Messrs Smith, Elder & Co.

WORK on the saphead had been commenced on what the captain of the sappers called "a beautiful night," and what anyone else outside a lunatic asylum would have described with the strongest adjectives available in exactly the opposite sense.

A piercing wind was blowing in gusts of driving sleet and rain; it was pitch dark—"black as the inside of a cow," as the corporal put it—and it was bitterly cold. But, since all these conditions are exactly those most calculated to make difficult the work of an enemy's sentries and lookouts, and the first work of sinking a shaft is one which it is highly desirable should be unobserved by an enemy, the sapper captain's satisfaction may be understood.

The saphead was situated amongst the ruins of a cottage a few yards behind the forward firing trench, and by the time a wet daylight had dawned the sappers had dug themselves well underground, had securely planked up the walls of the shaft, and had cut a connecting gallery from the ruins to the communication trench.

All this meant that their work was fairly free from observation, and the workers reasonably safe from bombs and bullets, so that the officer in charge had good cause for the satisfaction with which he made his first report.

Lived Like a Mole in His Mine.

His first part of the work had been a matter of plans and maps, of compass and level, of observing the ground—incidentally dodging the bullets of the German snipers who caught glimpses of his crawling form—by day, and of intricate and exact figuring and calculating by night in the grimy cellar of another ruined house by the light of a candle stuck in an empty bottle.

There after he spent all his waking hours (and many of his sleeping ones as well) in a thick suit of clayey mud; he lived like a mole in his mine gallery or his underground cellar, saw the light only when he emerged to pass from his work to his sleep or meals and back to his work, and generally gave himself, his whole body and brain and being, to the correct driving of a shallow burrow straight to the selected point under the enemy trench a hundred and odd yards away.

He was a youngish man, and this was the first job of any importance that had been wholly and solely entrusted to him. It was not only his anxiety to make a creditable showing, but he was keen on the work for the work's own sake, and he revelled in the creative sense of the true artist. The mine was his. He had first suggested it, he had surveyed it, and plotted it, and measured and planned and worked it out on paper; and now, when it came to the actual pick-and-shovel work, he supervised and directed and watched each hour of work and each yard of progress.

It was tricky work, too, and troublesome. At first the ground was good stiff clay that the spades bit out in clean mouthfuls, and that left a fair firm wall behind. But that streak ran out in the second day's working, and the mine burrowed into some horrible soft crumbly soil that had to be held up and back by roof and wall of planking. The subaltern took a party himself and looted the wrecks of houses—there was no lack of these in the village just behind the lines—of roof beams and flooring, and measured and marked them for sawing into lengths, and would have taken a saw with pleasure himself.

Then he dived cheerfully into the oozing wet burrow and superintended the shoring up, and restarted the men to digging, and emerged a moment to see more planking passed down. He came, in fact, dangerously near to making a nuisance of himself, and some of his men who had been sapping and mining for wet and weary months past were inclined to resent quite so much fussing round and superintendence. But the corporal put that right. He was an elderly man with a nasty turn of temper that had got him into almost as many troubles in his service as his knowledge, experience, and aptitude for hard work and responsibility had got him out of.

The Corporal Puts Matters Right.

"Leave the lad be," he had said when some of the party had passed grumbling remarks about "too bloomin' much fuss an' feathers over a straight simple bloomin' job." The corporal had promptly squashed that opinion. "Leave the lad be," he said. "He's young to the job, mebbe, but he's not such a simple fool as some that take this for a simple job. It's not goin' to be all that simple, as you'll find before you're done."

He was right, too. The crumbling soil was one little difficulty promptly and easily met. The next was more troublesome. The soil grew wetter and more wet until at last the men were working ankle-deep in water. The further the mine went the wetter it became. The men worked on, taking their turn at the narrow face, shovelling out the wet muck, and dragging it back to the shaft and up and out and away by the communication trench. They squeezed aside in silence when the subaltern pushed in to inspect the working, and waited with side-winks to one another to see what he would do to overcome the water difficulty. "Pumps" would, of course, have been the simple answer, but the men knew as well as the subaltern knew that pumps were not to be had at that particular time and place for love or money, and that all the filling of all the "indents" in the R.E. would not produce one single efficient pump from store.

The subaltern did not trouble with indent forms or stores. He had had something of a fight to get a grudging permission for his mine, and he felt it in his bones that if he worried the big chiefs too much with requisitions he would be told to abandon the mine. He shut his teeth tight at the thought. It was his mine and he was going to see it through, if he had to bale the water out with a teacup.

He made a quick cast through the shell-wrecked village, drew blank, sat for fifteen minutes on the curb of a rubble-choked well and thought hard, jumped up and called the corporal to provide him with four men and some odd tools, and struck back across muddy and shell-cratered fields to the nearest farm.

How the Pump Was Commandeered.

The farmer, who had remained in possession despite the daily proximity of bursting shells, a shrapnel-smashed tile roof, and a gaping hole where one house corner should have been, made some objection to the commandeering of his old-fashioned farm pump. He was at first supported in this by the officer in charge of the men billeted in the barn and sheds, but the sapper explained the urgency of his need, and cunningly clinched the argument by reminding the infantry officer that probably he and his men would soon be installed in the trenches from which the mine ran, and that he—the sapper—although he was not supposed to mention it, might just hint that his mine was only hurrying to forestall an enemy mine which was judged to be approaching the trench the infantry officer would presently occupy.

This last was a sheer invention of the moment, but it served excellently, and the sapper and his party bore off their pump in triumph. It was later erected in the mine shaft, and the difficulty of providing sufficient piping to run from the pump to the water-logged part of the mine was met by a midnight visit to the house where Headquarters abode, and the wholesale removal of gutters and rain-pipes.

As Headquarters had its principal residence in a commodious and cobwebby cellar, the absence of the gutters fortunately passed without remark, and the sentry who watched the looting and the sergeant to whom he reported it were quite satisfied by the presence of an Engineer officer and his calm assurance that it was "all right—orders—an Engineers' job."

The pump did its work excellently, and a steady stream of muddy water gushed from its nozzle and flowed down the Headquarters gutter-pipes to a selected spot well behind the trenches. Unfortunately the pump, being old-fashioned, was somewhat noisy, and all the packing and oiling and tinkering failed to silence its clank-clink, clank-clink, as its arm rose and fell.

The nearest German trench caught the clank-clink, and by a simple process of deduction and elimination arrived at its meaning and its location. The pump and the pumpers led a troubled life after that. Snipers kept an unsteady but never silent series of bullets smacking into the stones of the ruin, whistling over the communication trench, and "whupp"-ing into the mud around both. A light gun took a hand, and plumped a number of rounds each day into the crumbling walls and rubbish-heaps of stone and brick, and burst shrapnel all over the lot.

The Sappers Have to Dodge the Snipers.

The sappers dodged the snipers by keeping tight and close to cover; they frustrated the direct-hitting "fizz-bang" shells by a stout barricade of many thicknesses of sandbags bolstering up the fragment of wall that hid their shaft and pump, and finally they erected a low roof over the works, and sandbagged that secure against the shrapnel. There were casualties, of course, but these are always in the way of business with the sappers, and came as a matter of course.

The Germans brought up a trench mortar next, and flung noisy and nerve-wrecking high-explosive bombs into and all round the ruin, bursting down all the remaining walls except the sandbagged one, and scoring a few more casualties, until the forward trench installed a trench mortar of their own, and by a generous return of two bombs to the enemy's one put the German out of action. A big minnenwerfer came into play next, and because it could throw a murderous-sized bomb from far behind the German trench it was too much for the British trench mortar to tackle. This brought the gunners into the game, and the harassed infantry (who were coming to look on the sapper subaltern and his works as an unmitigated nuisance and a most undesirable acquaintance, who drew more than a fair share of enemy fire on them) appealed to the guns to rid them of their latest tormentor.

An artillery observing officer spent a perilous hour or two amongst the shrapnel and snipers' bullets on top of the sandbagged wall until he had located the minnenwerfer. Then about two minutes' telephoned talk to the battery and ten minutes of spouting lyddite volcanoes finished the minnenwerfer trouble. But all this above-ground work was by way of an aside to the sapper subaltern. He was far too busy with his mine gallery to worry about the doings of gunners and bomb-throwers and infantry and such like fellows.

When these people interfered with his work they were a nuisance, of course, but he always managed to find a working party for the sandbagging protective work without stopping the job underground.

So the gallery crept steadily on. They had to carry the tunnel rather close to the surface, because at very little depth they struck more water than any pumps, much less their single farmyard one, could cope with. The nearness to the surface made a fresh difficulty, and necessitated the greatest care in working under the ground between the trenches, because here there were always deep shell-holes and craters to be avoided or floored with the planking that made the tunnel roof.

So the gallery had to be driven carefully at a level below the danger of exposure through a shell-hole and above the depth at which the water lay. This meant a tunnel too low to stand or even kneel in with a straight back, and the men, kneeling in mud, crouched back on their heels, and with rounded back and shoulders struck their spades forward into the face, and dragged the earth out spadeful by spadeful. Despite the numbing cold mud they knelt in, the men, stripped to shirts with rolled sleeves and open throats, streamed rivulets of sweat as they worked, for the air was close and thick and heavy, and the exertion in the cramped space was one long muscle-racking strain.

An Exciting Interlude

Once the roof and walls caved in, and three men were imprisoned. The collapse came during the night fortunately, and, still more fortunately, behind the line and parapet of the forward trench. The subaltern flung himself and his men on the muddy wreckage in frantic haste to clear an opening and admit air to the imprisoned men.

It took time, a heart-breaking length of time, and it was with a horrible dread in his heart that the subaltern at last pushed in to the uncovered opening and crawled along the tunnel, flashing his electric torch before him. Half-way to the end he felt a draught of cold air, and, promptly extinguishing his lamp, saw a hole in the roof. His men were alive all right, and not only alive, but keeping on hard at work at the end of the tunnel. When the collapse came they had gone back to where their roof lay across the bottom of a shell-hole, pulled a plank out, and—gone back to work.

When the tunnel reached a point under the German parapet it was turned sharp to left and right, forming a capital T, with the cross-piece running roughly along the line of trench and parapet. Here there was need of the utmost deliberation and caution. A pick could not be used, and even a spade had to be handled gently, in case the sounds of working should reach the Germans overhead. In some places the subaltern could actually hear the movements and footsteps of the enemy just above him.

Twice the diggers disturbed a dead German, buried evidently under the parapet. Once a significant crumbling of the earth and fall of a few heavy clods threatened a collapse where the gallery was under the edge of the trench. The spot was hastily but securely shored up with infinite caution and the least possible sound, and after that the subaltern had the explosive charges brought along and connected up in readiness. Then, if the roof collapsed or their work were discovered, the switch at the shaft could still be pressed, the wires would still carry the current, and the mine would be exploded.

At last the subaltern decided that everything was ready. He carefully placed his charges, connected up his wires again, cleared out his tools, and emerged to report "all ready."

Now the "touching off" of a good-sized mine is not a matter to be done lightly or without due and weighty authority, and that because more is meant to result from it than the upheaval of some square yards of earth and the destruction of so many yards of enemy trench. The mine itself, elaborate and labour-making as it may have been, is, after all, only a means to an end. That end may be the capture of a portion of the ruins of the trench; it may be the destruction of an especially strong and dangerous "keep," a point of resistance, or an angle for attack.

It may even be a mine to destroy a mine which is known to be tunnelling into our own trenches, but, in any case, the explosion is usually a signal for attack from one side or the other, and therefore requires all the usual elaborate arrangements of reinforcements and supports, and so on.

A Very Trying Experience.

Therefore the sapper subaltern, when he had finished his work and made his report, had nothing to do but sit down and wait until other people's preparations were made and he received orders to complete his work by utterly and devastatingly destroying it. The subaltern found this wait about the most trying part of the whole affair, more especially since he had for a good many days and nights had so much to occupy his every moment.

He received word at last of the day and hour appointed for the explosion, and had the honour of a visit of inspection from a very superior officer, who pored long and painstakingly over the paper plans, put a great many questions, even went the length of walking down the communication trench and peering down the entrance shaft, and looking over the sandbagged wall through a periscope at the section of German trench marked down for destruction.

Then he complimented the subaltern on his work, declined once again the offer of a muddy mackintosh and an invitation to crawl down the mine, and went off. The subaltern saw him off the premises, returned to the shaft and donned the mackintosh, and crawled off up his tunnel once more.

Somehow, now that the whole thing was finished and ready, he felt a pang of reluctance to destroy it and so fulfil its destiny. As he crawled along he noted each little bit of shoring-up and supporting planks, each rise and fall in the floor, each twist and angle in the direction, and recalled the infinite labour of certain sections, his glows of satisfaction at the speed of progress at the easy bits, his impatience at the slow and difficult portions.

It seemed as if he had been building that tunnel for half a lifetime, had hardly ever done anything else but build it or think about building it. And now, to-morrow it was all to be destroyed. He recalled with a thrill of boyish pleasure the word of praise from the corporal—a far greater pleasure, by the way, than he had derived from the great one's compliments—the praise of one artist to another, the recognition of good work done, by one who himself had helped in many good works and knew well of what he spoke. "She's done, sir," the corporal had said. "And if I may say so, sir, she's a credit to you. A mighty tricky job, sir, and I've seen plenty with long years in the service that would ha' been stumped at times. I'm glad to have had a hand in it wi' you, sir. And all the men feel the same way about it."

A Mysterious "Thump, Thump."

Ah, well, the subaltern thought as he halted at the joint of the T-piece, none of them felt the same about it as he himself did. He squatted there a moment, listening to the drip of water that was the only sound.

Suddenly his heart leapt . . . was it the only sound?

What was that other, if it could be called a sound?

It was a sense rather, an indefinable blending of senses of hearing and feel and touch—a faint, barely perceptible "thump, thump," like the beat of a man's heart in his breast. He snapped off the light of his electric lamp and crouched breathless in the darkness, straining his ears to hear. He was soon satisfied. He had not lived these days past with the sound of digging in his ears by day and his dreams by night not to recognise the blows of a pick. There . . . they had stopped now; and in imagination he pictured the digger laying down the pick to shovel out the loosened earth. Then, after a pause, the measured thump, thump, went on again.

The subaltern crawled along first one arm of the cross-section and then the other, halting every now and then to place his ear to the wet planking or the wetter earth. He located at last the point nearest to the sound, and without more waste of time scurried off down his tunnel to daylight.

He was back in the mine again in less than half an hour—a bare thirty minutes, but each minute close packed with concentrated essence of thought and action.

The nearest trench telephone had put him in touch with Battalion Headquarters, and through them with Brigade, Divisional, and General Headquarters. He had told his story and asked for his orders clearly, quickly, and concisely. The Germans were countermining. Their tunnel could not possibly miss ours, and by the sound would break through in thirty to sixty minutes. What were his orders? It took some little time for the orders to come, mainly because—although he knew nothing of it—his mine was part of a scheme for a general attack, and general attacks are affairs that cannot be postponed or expedited as easily as a cold lunch. But the subaltern filled in the time of waiting, and when the orders did come he was ready for them or any other. They were clear and crisp—he was to fire the mine but only at the latest possible minute. That was all he got, and indeed all he wanted; and, since they did not concern him, there is no need here to tell of the swirl of other orders that buzzed and ticked and talked by field telegraph and telephone for miles up and down and behind the British line.

Before these orders had begun to take shape or coherency as a whole the subaltern was back listening to the thump, thump of the German picks, and busily completing his preparations. It was near noon, and perhaps the workers would stop for a meal, which would give another hour for troops to be pushed up or whatever else the Generals wanted time for. It might even be that a fall of their roof, an extra inflow of water to their working, any one of the scores of troubles that hamper and hinder underground mining might stop the crawling advance of the German sappers for a day or two and allow the subaltern's mine to play its appointed part at the appointed time of the grand attack.

The Subaltern Takes No Chances.

But meantime the subaltern took no chances. First he connected up a short switch which in the last extreme of haste would allow him with one touch of his finger to blow up his mine and himself with it. He buried or concealed the wires connecting the linked charges with the switch outside so as to have a chance of escape himself.

He opened a portable telephone he had carried with him and joined up to the wire he had also carried in, and so was in touch with his corporal and the world of the above-ground. All these things he did himself because there was no need to risk more than one man in case of a quick explosion.

Then, his preparations complete, he sat down to wait and to listen to the thudding picks of the Germans. They were very near now, and with his ear to the wall the subaltern could hear the shovels now as well as the picks. He shut his lamp off after a last look at his switch, his revolver, and the glistening walls and mud-ooze floor of his tunnel, and sat still in the darkness.

Once he whispered an answer into the telephone to his corporal, and once he flicked his lamp on an instant to glance at the watch on his wrist. Then he crouched still and silent again. The thumping of his heart nearly drowned the thud of the picks; he was shivering with excitement, and his mouth grew dry and leathery. He felt a desire to smoke, and had his case out and a cigarette in his lips when it occurred to him that, when the Germans broke through, the smell of the smoke would tell them instantly that they were in an occupied working.

He counted on a certain amount of delay and doubt on their part when their picks first pierced his wall, and he counted on that pause again to give him time to escape. So he put the cigarette away, and immediately was overwhelmed with a craving for it.

He fought it for five minutes that felt like five hours, and felt his desire grow tenfold with each minute. It nearly drove him to doing what all the risk, all the discomfort of his cramped position, all the danger, had not done—to creep out and fire the mine without waiting for that last instant when the picks would break through. It could make little difference, he argued to himself, in the movements of those above.

What could five minutes more, or ten, or even fifteen, matter now?

It might even be that he was endangering the success of the explosion by waiting, and it was perhaps wiser to crawl out at once and fire the mine—and he could safely light a cigarette then as soon as he was round the corner of the T. So he argued the matter out, fingering his cigarette case and longing for the taste of the tobacco, and yet knowing in his inmost heart that he would not move despite his arguments, until the first pick came through. He heard the strokes draw nearer and nearer, and now he held his breath and strained his eyes as each one was delivered. The instant he had waited for came in exactly the fashion he had expected—a thud, a thread of yellow light piercing the black dark, a grunt of surprise from the pick-wielder at the lack of resistance to his stroke. All this was just what he had ex-

(Continued on next page.)

NEWSY NOTES FROM ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND

By Our Special Commissioner.

Lady's Splendid Work in Belgium.

Lafayette.

Miss G. Fyfe, whose photograph this is, is a Glasgow lady who has done a wonderful work among the Belgian civilian population. Entirely by her own exertions among her friends, she has raised nearly £3000 for her Belgian Front Relief Fund. For over a year now she has been officially attached to the headquarters of the Belgian Army, but her work in Belgium has gone on continuously since October, 1914. King Albert's Government has signified its approval time and again of Miss Fyfe's splendid efforts for the alleviation of distressed Belgians in the war zone. In addition to raising such a large sum, Miss Fyfe also secured three ambulances, and she is now making an appeal for a new ambulance

A Famous Trip to Mexico.

Lord Cowdray's indomitable energy should make matters hum at the Air Board. The contractor who organised the construction of Dover Harbour and took the great transcontinental railway across Mexico, to say nothing of the gigantic scheme of the Blackwall Tunnel, and who acquired for his firm 800,000 acres of land in Mexico, with the largest oil property in the world, recognises difficulties if they appear as something to be overcome, and to him failure is unknown. I recall one occasion when his Lordship took a six months' trip across to Mexico, and, I am told, his business there proved so very successful that he was enabled to place a huge sum to the credit of his banking account!

Popular Padre from the Port.

The Rev. Herbert Reid, who is among the latest recipients of the Military Cross, is the respected minister of Hamilton U.F. Church, Port-Glasgow, and has been on service at the front for a considerable time. During all his ministerial career he has kept in closest touch with the youth of the church. The Boys' Brigade has no more enthusiastic worker, and prior to the war nothing delighted him more than to be away with his lads in camp in the summer months and serving in the Guild tents.

Barns Parents' Gratitude.

Some time ago Mr Reid offered to resign his charge, but the congregation were unwilling to lose his services, and unanimously granted him leave of absence till the end of the war. No padre has worked harder for the soldiers, and he treasures many letters which he has received from parents thanking him for the kindly interest he has taken in their boys. At one time Mr Reid was an assistant minister in Dundee, where he is still well remembered. The distinction he has so worthily earned will give pleasure to his many friends.

The New Inverness-shire M.P.

Dundee as well as Perthshire ought to be keenly interested in Mr T. B. Morison, the newly-elected M.P. for Inverness-shire. Himself a native of Monzie, the Solicitor-General's wife hails from Juteopolis, for she is a daughter of Mr Andrew Hendry, solicitor. It is somewhat of a coincidence that the Solicitor-General should follow another Perthshire man—Sir John Dewar.

Welcome News.

Lafayette.

The news that Second-Lieut. Jas. C. Lees, Royal Scots Fusiliers (attached Royal Flying Corps) is a prisoner of war in Germany has come as a glad surprise to his many relatives and friends in Ayr and Girvan. About six weeks ago Lieutenant Lees was reported missing, and an agonising period of suspense for the gallant lieutenant's father, Mr Andrew Lees, Carrick Lodge, Ayr, has come to an end with the receipt of a letter from the young officer. Lieut. Lees, who is a partner in the firm of Messrs Macpherson & Lees, Cairnhill, Girvan, joined the Ayrshire Yeomanry at the outbreak of war. Later he received a commission in the Royal Scots Fusiliers, and subsequently volunteered for the Flying Corps.

West Fife's Flag Day Organizer.

Than Mrs Wm. C. Stenhouse of Linburn, Dunfermline, no lady in West Fife has been more prominent or displayed greater energy in connection with efforts which have been made to raise funds on behalf of the various war and other local charities. She has acted as convener of the committee entrusted with almost every flag day enterprise which has been promoted in Dunfermline since the outbreak of the war, in addition to personally undertaking the collection in certain districts of the town. Seldom has a flag day appeal yielded less than £100. In this way she has been instrumental in gathering thousands of pounds for the different war funds and charities.

A Gifted Singer.

Mrs Stenhouse has been prime mover in the organisation of a number of highly successful entertainments both from a musical and financial point of view. She is a gifted soprano singer, and her services, always generously given, have been greatly appreciated at numerous concerts in the town and district. Mrs Stenhouse is Dame President of the Dunfermline and West Fife Habitation of the Primrose League, and at Parliamentary elections in West Fife and Stirling District of Burghs she has for a number of years been an indefatigable worker.

A Minister of Many Parts.

A man of many parts is the Rev. J. Vavasour Hammond, one of Auld Ayr's most popular ministers. Belonging to one of the original families of Jersey, of long descent, and virtually a pure Norman, Mr Hammond was educated at Cambridge, where he was stroke for the College boat and represented his school and College at cricket and athletics generally. At the outbreak of war he founded the Union Jack Club in Ayr, which is capable of accommodating 1000 troops, and since then he has advanced the cause of the "boys" by taking a keen personal interest in all their doings. The constitution of the club was arranged by him, Lord Eglinton being president and Mr Arch. Walker of Newark Castle vice-president. Mr Hammond has had the generous support of the public from the start, in itself a tribute to his tact and enthusiasm.

A Cousin of the "Jersey Lily."

Mr Hammond has been for twelve years the incumbent of Holy Trinity Church, Ayr, and during that period has been officiating military chaplain of the R.S.F., in which regiment he takes a great interest. Mr Hammond is a cousin of Lady de Bathé, the famous "Jersey Lily," and a brother of Mr J. L. le Breton Hammond, for some time secretary and registrar of the Civil Service Commission, and for several years editor of The Speaker.

Prominent Glasgow Welshman.

Lafayette.

Here is another Welshman who is helping to set our house in order. In the days of the long ago Sir Henry Jones was a perfervid supporter of Mr Lloyd George's pet schemes, and his platform utterances never failed to draw forth admiration—if they did not win conviction—from political opponents. Sir Henry Jones, who is Professor of Moral Philosophy in Glasgow University, is giving of his experience and wisdom to the post-war problems now facing the new President of the Board of Education. Sir Henry is one of the leading educational experts engaged by the Board in an advisory capacity. This distinguished Welshman has many publications to his credit, and one of his most popular books deals with the philosophical and religious teaching of the poet Browning.

For a Second Spell in France.

One of Glasgow's leading congregational ministers, the Rev. Andrew Ritchie, sets out for France at the beginning of next month to undertake a second spell of work with the Y.M.C.A. Quite early in the war Mr Ritchie volunteered for service with the now famous huts, where he made numerous friends among our brave fighters. Mr Ritchie was for some time minister of the British-American Church in Petrograd, so that he can speak and write from first-hand knowledge and impressions of our Russian Allies.

A Miraculous Escape.

Lieut. Thomas A. Henderson, photographed herewith, was the hero of a remarkable exploit in Mesopotamia. In a frontal attack on the Turkish trenches he was the only officer of his regiment who came out alive and unwounded, and he had a bullet through his pocket and another through his helmet. Lieutenant Henderson, who is a son of Mr George Henderson, F.E.I.S., Townhill Schoolhouse, Dunfermline, has just been awarded the Military Cross. He was a student at St Andrews University when war broke out. Getting his commission two years ago, he saw fighting in France before going further afield.

Miss Porteous, of Kinross.

Lafayette.

This is a photograph of Miss Porteous, of Kinross, who takes a keen interest in all public associations dealing with war work in Kinrossshire. She is the commandant of the local V.A.D., the members of which have one and all given willingly of their time and services. The branch has responded to the calls made upon it with enthusiasm, and Miss Porteous has set a splendid example in ardent devotion to her voluntarily undertaken duties

Policeman-Poet and Field-Marshal Haig.

I have just received an interesting letter from my old friend and occasional contributor, the Ayrshire Policeman Poet. Constable Anderson is very much gratified at having received an autograph letter from Sir Douglas Haig thanking him for the following most excellent seasonable greeting:—

Sir Douglas Haig, in thee we trust
To grind the demons into dust;
May 1917 still be young
When our victorious bells are rung.

I am sure we all devoutly hope that Constable Anderson's wish will be translated very quickly into actual fact. The Policeman Poet has two sons in the army, and one of them is at present recovering from wounds. Another son joined when he was fifteen, but was sent home by the authorities. He now holds the enviable reputation of being the youngest and tallest policeman in Ayrshire.

A Keen War Worker.

Lafayette.

In the South Side of Glasgow there is no lady better known for her enterprise in raising funds for the objects which we all have so much at heart than Mrs Robert Wilson, whose photograph is herewith reproduced. Mrs Wilson is the wife of the well-known ex-Provost of Pollokshaws, and she is an indefatigable worker and organiser. Besides, she does a great deal of good quietly and unostentatiously, and in numerous homes in the district she is a very welcome visitor.

More Honours for Aberdeen Grammar School.

No fewer than seven former pupils of the Aberdeen Grammar School figure in the New Year list of recipients of the Distinguished Service Order, and, as a special record is kept of all such honours, this will make a welcome addition to the list. They are all majors, several of whom are now temporary lieutenant-colonels, and in various regiments. They are:—Lieut.-Col. Alex. Macgregor Rose, R.A.M.C.; Lieut.-Colonel W. F. Lumsden, R.G.A.; Lieut.-Colonel Charles W. Profeit, R.A.M.C.; Lieut.-Colonel Robert Bruce, Gordon Highlanders; Lieut.-Colonel Hugh Allan Davidson, in command of a field ambulance; Major James A. Butchart, R.A.; and Major A. G. Nicol Smith, A.S.C.

Destined for Dumfries Provostship.

A well-deserved honour has been conferred on Mr John Farrow, mineral agent, by Dumfries Parish Council by unanimously electing him chairman of that body. It is a position he is well qualified to fill, both in respect of his wide knowledge of Poor Law management and his experience of public life. Mr Farrow, though still in the prime of life, has a long record of useful public service, having entered Dumfries Town Council over twenty years ago, and having served on the Parish Council for many years. He is now a Magistrate of the burgh, and Dame Rumour says that he is destined for the Provostship in the not distant future.

All-Round Interests.

Bailie Farrow is an eminently successful business man, and what he takes in hand he carries through with characteristic energy. In bowling circles he is a well-known figure, and was the leading spirit in founding Marchmount Bowling Green, which has been a decided acquisition to the eastern suburbs of the town. He is also a prominent office-bearer in St George's United Free Church, which is one of the largest and best organised congregations in the Queen of the South. The Bailie's family are indefatigable workers in the cause of temperance.

BETWEEN THE LINES—By Boyd Cable

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5).

pected, had known would happen. The next stroke would show the digger that he was entering some hole. Then there would be cautious investigation, the sending back word to an officer, the slow and careful enlargement of the opening. And before that moment came the subaltern would be down his tunnel and outside, and pressing the switch . . .

A Blood-Freezing Experience.

But his programme worked out no further than that first instant and that first gleam of light. He saw the gleam widen suddenly as the pick was withdrawn, heard another quick blow, saw the round spot of light run out in little cracks and one wide rift, and suddenly the wall fell in, and he was staring straight into the German gallery, with a dark figure silhouetted clear down to the waist against the light of an electric bulb-lamp which hung from the gallery roof. For an instant the subaltern's blood froze.

The figure of the German was only separated from him by a bare three yards, and to his dark-blinded eyes it seemed that he himself was standing in plain view in a brilliant blaze of light. Actually he was in almost complete darkness. The single light in the German gallery hardly penetrated through the gloom of his own tunnel, and what little did showed nothing to the eyes of the German, used to the lamp-light and staring suddenly into the black rift before him. But the German called out to someone behind him, twisted round, moved, stooping, back to the lamp, and reached up a hand to it.

The subaltern backed away hastily, his eyes fixed on the glow of light in the opening. The hole had broken through on a curve of his tunnel, so that for fifteen or twenty feet back he could still see down the German gallery, could watch the man unhook the lamp and carry it back to the opening, thrust the lamp before him, and lean in over the crumbling heap of earth his pick had brought down.

The subaltern stopped and drew a gasping breath and held it. Discovery was a matter of seconds now. He had left his firing switch, but he still carried the portable telephone slung from his shoulder, the earth-pin dangling from it. He had only to thrust the pin into the mud and he was connected up with the corporal at the outside switch—had only to shout one word, "Fire!" and it would all be over.

Quickly but noiselessly he put his hand down to catch up the wire with the earth-pin. His hand touched the revolver butt in his holster, checked at it, closed round it, and slid it softly out. All this had taken an instant of time, and as he raised his weapon he saw the German still staring hard under the upheld lamp into the gloom. He was looking the other way, and the subaltern levelled the heavy revolver and paused. The sights stood out clear and black against the figure standing in the glow of light—a perfect and unmissable target. The man was bareheaded, and wore a mud-stained blue shirt with sleeves cut off above the elbow.

The subaltern moved the notched sights from under the armpit of the raised arm that held up the light, and steadied them on the round of the ear that stood out clear against the close-cropped black hair. He heard a guttural exclamation of wonder, saw the head come slowly round until the circle of the ear foreshortened and moved past his sights, and they were centred straight between the staring eyes.

His finger contracted on the trigger, but a sudden qualm stayed him. It wasn't fair, it wasn't sporting; it was too like shooting a sitting hare. And the man hadn't seen him even yet. Man? This was no man; a lad rather, a youth, a mere boy, with childish, wondering eyes, a smooth oval chin, the mouth of a pretty girl.

The subaltern had a schoolboy brother hardly younger than this boy, and a quick vision rose of a German mother and sisters—no, he couldn't shoot; it would be murder; it—and then a quick start, an upward movement of the lamp, a sharp question, told him the boy had seen. The subaltern spoke softly in fairly good German. "Run away, my boy. In an instant my mine will explode."

"Who is it? Who is there?" gasped the boy.

The subaltern chuckled and grinned wickedly. Swiftly he dropped the revolver, fumbled a moment, and pulled a coil of capped fuse from his pocket.

"It is the English," he said. "It is an English mine that I now explode," and, on the word, lit the fuse and flung it, fizzing and spitting a jet of sparks and smoke, towards the boy. The lad flinched back and half turned to run, but the subaltern saw him look round over his shoulder and twist back, saw the eyes glaring at the fiery thing in the mud, the dreadful resolve grow swiftly on the set young face, the teeth clamped on the resolve. He was going to dash for the fuse, to try to wrench it out, and, as he supposed, prevent the mine exploding. The subaltern jerked up the revolver again. This would never do; the the precious seconds were flying; at any moment another man might come. He would have saved this youngster if he could, but he could allow nothing to risk failure for his mine. "Get back," he said sharply. "Get back quickly or I shall shoot."

But now what he had feared happened. A voice called, a scuffling footfall sounded in the German gallery, a dim figure pushed forward into the light beside the boy. The subaltern saw that it was an officer, heard his angry oath in answer to the boy's quick words; his shout, "The light, fool—break it"; saw the clenched fist's vicious buffet in the boyish face and the quick grab at the electric bulb. The subaltern's revolver sights slid off the boy and hung an instant on the snarling face of the officer. . . .

Just in the Nick of Time.

In the confined space the roar of his heavy revolver rolled and thundered in reverberating echoes, the swirling powder-reek blinded him and stung in his nostrils, and as the smoke cleared he could see the boy scrambling back along his gallery and the officer sprawled face down across the earth heap in the light of the fallen lamp.

The subaltern smashed the lamp himself before he, too, turned and plunged, floundering and slipping and stumbling, for his exit in an agony of haste and apprehension. It was all right, he told himself a dozen times; the officer was done for—the back of that head and a past knowledge of a service revolver's work at close range told him that plain enough; it would take a good many minutes for the boy to tell his tale, and even then, if a party ventured back at once, it would take many more minutes in the dark—and he was glad he thought to smash the lamp—before they could find his charges or the wires. It was safe enough, but—the tunnel had never seemed so long or the going so slow.

He banged against beams and supports, ploughed through sticky mud and churning water, rasped his knuckles, and bruised knees and elbows in his mad haste. It was safe enough, but—but—but—suppose there was no response to his pressure on the switch; suppose there had been some silly mistake in making the connections; suppose the battery wouldn't work. There were a score of things to go wrong.

Thank goodness he had overhauled and examined everything himself, although that again would only make it more appallingly awful if things didn't work. No time now; no chance to go back and put things right. Perhaps he ought to have stayed back there and made the contact. A quick end if it worked right, and a last chance to refix it if it didn't; yes, he . . . but here was the light ahead.

He shouted "Fire!" at the top of his voice, still hurrying on and half cowering from the expected roar and shock of the explosion. Nothing happened. He shouted again and again as loud as his sobbing breath and labouring lungs would let him. Still—nothing, and it began to sear his brain as a dreadful certainty that he had failed, that his mine was a ghastly frost, that all the labour gone to its making and the good lives spent on it were wasted.

He stumbled weakly out into the shaft, caught a glimpse of the corporal's set face staring at the tunnel mouth, and tried once more to call out, "Fire!" But the corporal was waiting for no word. He had already got that, had heard the subaltern's first shouts roll down the tunnel; in fact, was waiting with a finger on the exploding switch for the moment the subaltern should appear. The finger moved steadily over as the subaltern stumbled into sight—and the solid earth heaved convulsively, shuddered, and rocked and shook to the roaring blast of the explosion.

The shock and the rush of air from the tunnel mouth caught the subaltern, staggering to his knees, and flung him headlong. And as he picked himself up again the air darkened with whizzing clods and mud and dust and stones and dirt that rained down from the sky. Before the echoes of the explosion had died away, before the last fragments and debris had fallen, there came the sound of another roar, the bellowing thunder of the British guns throwing a storm of shell and shrapnel between the German supports and the ruined trench. That and another sound, told the subaltern that the full fruits of his work were to be fully reaped—the sound of the guns and of the full, deep-chested, roaring cheers of the British infantry as they swarmed from their trenches and rushed to occupy the crater of the explosion.

. . . .

Later in the day, when the infantry had made good their possession of the place, had sandbagged and fortified it to stand against the expected counter-attacks, the subaltern went to look over the ground and see at first and close hand the results of his explosion.

Technically, he found it interesting; humanly, it was merely sickening. The ground was one weltering chaos and confusion of tossed earth-heaps and holes, of broken beams and jagged-ended planks, of flung sandbags, and wrecked barricading. Of trench or barricade, as trench and barricade, there remained simply no sign.

The wreckage was scattered thick with a dreadful debris of dead bodies, of bloody clothing, of helmets and broken rifles, burst packs and haversacks, bayonets, water-bottles, and shattered equipments.

The ambulance men were busy, but there were still many dead and dying and wounded to be removed, wounded with torn flesh and mangled limbs, dead and dying with scorched and smouldering clothes. The infantry, hastily digging and filling sandbags and throwing up parapets on the far edge of the reeking explosion pit, had found many bodies caught in the descending avalanche of earth, or buried in the collapsed trenches and dug-outs; and here and there, amid the confusion, a foot or a hand protruding stark from some earth-heap marked the death-place of other victims. The whole scene was one of death and desolation, of ruin and destruction, and the subaltern turned from it sick at stomach. It was the first result of a big explosion he had seen. This was the sort of thing that he had read so often summed up in a line of the official despatch or a two-line newspaper paragraph:—

"A mine was successfully exploded under a section of the enemy's trench."

A mine—his mine. . . . "God!" the subaltern said softly under his breath, and looked wonderingly about him.

"'E's a bloomin' little butcher is that lefftenant of ours," the corporal said that night. "'Course it was a good bit o' work, an' he'd reason to be proud of it; but—well, I thought I'd a strongish stomach, an' I've seen some dirty blood-an'-bones messes in my time, but that scorchin' shambles near turned me over. An' he comes back after lookin' at it as cheerful as the cornerman o' a Christie Minstrel troupe, an' as pleased as a dog wi' two tails. Fair pleased, 'e was."

But he was a little wrong. What had brought the subaltern back with such a cheerful air was not the sight of his work, not the grim picture of the smashed trenches. It was an encounter he had had with a little group of German prisoners, the recognising amongst them of a dirty, mud-stained blue shirt with sleeves cut off above the elbows, a close-cropped bare head, a boy's face, with smooth oval chin and girlish eyes.

The mine work he had directed, but others had shared it.

It was the day's work—it was an incident of war—it was, after all, merely "a mine successfully exploded . . ." But that one life saved was also his work, and, moreover, his own, his individual, personal work.

It was of that he thought most as he came back smiling to his corporal.

NEXT WEEK—

"ARTILLERY SUPPORT."—This is an absolutely unique story of the great work of the British gunners.

MY LIFE IN THE GERMAN ARMY.

Startling Disclosures About the Callous Hindenburg and the Tyrannical Falkenhayn.

Written by an Englishman who previous to the war was an instructor in foreign languages at the Berlin War Academy, this Series of articles reveals the inner secrets of the German soldier's tyrannical barrack life, and exposes many callous deeds of Prussian Generals. The rights of publication of this Series have been specially secured for "The Post Sunday Special."

No. 3—Hindenburg Ignores the Crown Prince—The Puzzle of the Blinded German Soldiers at Cologne—and the Tyranny of Falkenhayn, who causes innumerable "Barrack Suicides."

I WAS sitting in the Service Club in Dorotheenstrasse towards the end of July, when I met an acquaintance, a young lieutenant in the Brigade of Guards, who proudly informed me that he had received notification that he was to proceed immediately to Konigsberg, where he was to attach himself to the staff of Von Hindenburg. He talked rosily of his prospects, but at last he burst out with the question that was not easily answered—"Who is Von Hindenburg?"

We looked up the various army lists, but could not find any information that could lead one to suppose that Von Hindenburg was a person of much importance. On the other hand, the Great General Staff does not hand staffs and adjutants and aides-de-camp to unimportant personages, and my friend went cheerfully to his fate—to his death, as I subsequently learned.

A Man of Mystery.

When the Russians began to overrun the borders and seemed to plant a firm foot on Prussia's soil the same question was in everybody's mouth—What is Hindenburg doing? The bulletins contained no other information than "Army Group of Von Hindenburg.—Nothing to report." But still the floods of fugitives from East Prussia kept pouring into the capital, and the mysterious Von Hindenburg seemed unable to stem the Russian advance. People began to call out for the General's head—the same people who a few months afterwards had the gloriously German idea of erecting huge wooden statues of the national hero, whose anatomy was then punctured with large-headed silver nails at so much per blow. Newspapers, which a few weeks previously wrote scathingly of Von Hindenburg's incompetence, now wrote reams of fatuous praise and equally futile criticism.

Von Hindenburg was ever a man of mystery. In army circles he was called "Der verruckte Hinter den Burg" (the insane one behind the burg), a sportive play on his name. He was called so, but never openly, for even mad Hindenburg was not a person rashly to be trifled with.

On one point Hindenburg was undoubtedly mad, and that was his study of East Prussia. In order to be free from military restrictions he requested his dismissal, that he might the more conveniently study the topography of the frontier. Often he could be seen wandering lonesomely along some by-paths, unsafe by reason of the border smugglers; but he seemed to have tamed even them.

Hindenburg's Red Book.

He devoted years to his beloved study, and when his plans were complete he retired to Karlsbad, where he wrote a little red book entitled "The Collapse," which was circulated only among the members of the War Council and his few private friends. If any man can claim to have foreseen and prepared for the war, that man is Von Hindenburg. In "The Collapse" he wrote:—"Our East Prussian frontier seems strong, but is weak. No army can hold it. The natural boundaries are either from Dantzig through Posen to Ratibor, or the present Russian fortified line, that is, from Riga to Cracow. It is for you to decide."

Since then the Great General Staff has made its decision. On the publication of this booklet Hindenburg came into his own, and even the Camarilla, who hated him for his independence, could not stay his further progress.

At the beginning of the war he was beaten, as he had foreseen, for he had been ordered to hold the line that was untenable. Then he had been several times seriously defeated he informed the General Staff that he required no further instructions, that would fight in accordance with his own plans. It was then that he began to clear the province, and finally, by the crushing defeat at the Masurian Lakes, he smashed Russia's military activity for at least twelve months.

A Mass of Callousness.

Hindenburg is as different from the other German Generals as butter is from cheese. He is crafty, but not crafty in the sense that they are. He is brutal, but not as they are brutal. He does not love the infliction of pain for the pleasure that it brings to the tormentor. He is simply a mass of callousness.

He has one good quality that is absent from the composition of any other German member of my acquamtance. He has never bowed the knee to the Camarilla. He stands independently on his own two feet, and asks for no quarter. What he requires he takes, with the owner's permission or without it.

This is best exemplified by an incident that has caused much laughter in German clubs. According to the calculations of the General Staff, the German troops were to hibernate in the large cities of Russia, but their winter quarters proved to be the frozen fields. No provision for skin coats had been made, and in spite of the heavy deliveries that were being sent to the Camarilla Generals on the western front Hindenburg obtained no satisfactory answer to his repeated requisitions.

Crown Prince Knuckles Under.

He went in person to Berlin, and in the store depot he found a large consignment, which he ordered to be railed to his supply headquarters, which were then at Thorn. The horrified official informed him that the skins were for the army of the Crown Prince, and therefore could not be taken away. Hindenburg swore a volume of oaths, and in the end he obtained them. The Crown Prince, when he learned the news, dubbed him "Hindenburg the Thief," thus adding to his other nickname of "Hindenburg the Insane."

I could tell many other stories regarding the high personages in the Kaiser's army, for along with its other failings the military circle is a veritable hotbed of gossip. So much is this the case that it behoves one to be very chary about venturing opinions or criticising the actions of those in command. The impulsive speaker is always in danger of getting into serious trouble if he forgets to keep a leash on his tongue.

Indeed, I found that life as foreign language instructor to the officers' corps of the German Army was in no wise a bed of roses. For many years I had been chased from Pontius to Pilatus, as the saying is. No sooner had I grown to like the sleepy life in the dismal old garrison of Torgau, in Prussian Saxony, than I received urgent instructions to proceed to Cologne. Had I made myself at home among the Rhinelanders? Then came an order to report within three days to the commandant of the garrison at Thorn. From Thorn I was transferred to the War School in Berlin, and as there were certain portents that another early move was in contemplation, I took time by the forelock and sent in a petition, addressed to the Director of Military Education, requesting a nomination to a vacancy in the Cadet School.

For many weeks I heard nothing. Then I received a letter, signed this time by Von Kopf, informing me that His Majesty the King and Kaiser had been graciously pleased to appoint me to the vacant tutorship

Training School for Spies.

I found the professor a man more military than academical, and his subordinates to be the usual type of Prussian teachers, officers in the reserve, with the customary hideous sabre slashes across the face. These slashes, received in the students' duels, are the outward sign of Prussian aristocracy.

Von Kerzenstein introduced me to the students, a heterogeneous collection. Some, from their very features, I recognised as offshoots of the dull-brained Brandenburg landed gentry; others wore the cunning look that a cosmopolitan city like Berlin early marks on the visages of its children. And as soon as I recognised the presence of a few Jews (for the good Prussian a Jew is taboo) I knew that I had every reason to be suspicious of the Foreign Department of the High School of Political Science, and a word here and a friendly warning there soon left me in no doubt that the school was nothing more than a training ground for common spies, where spying was taught as a fine art.

Once I went so far as to mention to Von Kerzenstein that I quite failed to see in what way political science could be imparted by teaching the students calligraphy, photography, microscopic map-drawing, and a thousand and one other things, the knowledge of which is certainly of no great value to a political scientist, but he only smiled vaguely.

From knowledge which I gained then and subsequently the idea of systematically training spies originated in the evil brain of the chief German agent at Bruxelles. This was a young lieutenant who had been dismissed from the army on a charge of having disgraced his uniform. Shortly after his court-martial he spent a holiday in the Isle of Wight, and on returning to Berlin he was offered a position in Bruxelles, where the German offices behind the Palais de Justice were recognised as the chief European espionage centre. Von Hertzenfels was his name, and as far as I could learn he carried out his duties with the fullest satisfaction to his masters and also to himself, for after the German success in Belgium, in the preparation of which he spent many years, his name appeared among the list of those decorated with the Order of the Iron Cross second class.

A Scandalous Report.

I saw him frequently at his school. His work in Belgium consisted in the creation of a cleavage between Wallony and the two Flanders and in the obtaining of any information which might assist the army in its march through Belgium.

It was after a series of failures that Von Hertzenfels laid his scheme before the German General Staff for the establishment of a school that would ensure a constant adequate supply of useful men who had received the necessary technical education which would enable them to copy drawings, for it is sometimes bad policy to steal the originals. The General Staff adopted Von Hertzenfels' idea, reorganised the entire system of European espionage, and established the High School of Political Science (Foreign Section).

As soon as it was practicable I parted company with the ingenious old criminal, Von Kerzenstein, but the knowledge that I had gained helped me considerably later.

After the outbreak of hostilities, in the company of foreign journalists, I went to Room 11 of the Central Police Office to obtain permission to travel to Cologne in order to investigate a story issued by the Berlin Kommandantur to the effect that in Dr Kaufmann's Sanatorium lay one hundred wounded German soldiers whose eyes had been gouged.

Despicable Crime.

Permission was readily given, and, accompanied by Captain Gaedke, of the staff, we went to Cologne. It was at that time when the world wept at the stories of the German atrocities in Belgium, and whispers of the outrages began to make themselves heard in Germany. Officially therefore our expedition was looked on with much favour. We entered a special wing of the sanatorium, the windows of which were heavily curtained. Throwing open the doors, Gaedke theatrically exclaimed—"Heroes, blinded by the Belgians as they lay wounded on the field of honour." We examined them individually and collectively, and their stories coincided in a remarkable degree

We returned to Berlin with a feeling of depression, most of us believing the horror that we had seen. Shortly before my arrest, which followed in November I found the key to the mystery. True it was that the soldiers had been gouged, but not by the Belgians. The "honour" of having committed the most despicable crime in history belonged to the "High School for Spies."

The Truth Leaks Out.

I had long entertained friendship with a certain clerk at the Foreign Office, whose duties consisted in the keeping of the records. I had called at Wilhelmstrasse in order to see whether he could not advise me of any plan by which I could succeed in leaving the country. Our conversation turned to espionage, and in proof of his contention of the remarkable German organisation he drew down a portfolio, whence he produced a document which he mentioned as having come from Hans Eckardt. I knew Eckardt to be an industrious student at the "Spy Academy," a man in the early thirties, outwardly stupid but cunning.

It was a short report, but it solved completely the mystery of the blinded soldiers at Cologne. It read:—"In accordance with instructions I issued orders that one hundred wounded soldiers should be blinded. This has now been satisfactorily completed. Soldiers have been placed in the hands of the Sanitatsdienst for removal to hospital. Respectfully suggest invitation to neutral journalists." Eckardt could not have acted on his own initiative; the orders probably emanated from the General Staff through Von Hertzenfels. The report is stamped "Gesehen" (Seen) both by the Berlin Kommandantur and the German Press Bureau.

Falkenhayn, the Prussian Terror.

With such foul weapons does Germany fight. Backed up by crimes such as these, and reeking with corrupt practices, she callously sets out to dominate the world. And Prussian domination is not an idea of yesterday. It was born in the shock of a decisive defeat, and baptised with the blood of Prussia's enemies. It fed on the wild poetry of Uhland. It was nourished with the writings of Heinrich Von Kleist. It grew big with the victories of Bismarck. Before the reign of William II., the present Kaiser, it was an "idea," as yet unformulated, but none the less powerful.

Then, unfortunately for Germany, and equally unfortunate for the world, the "idea"—in its initial stages glorious and worthy of admiration—fell plastic into the hands of a gang of soldiere—patriots, it is true, but with that patriotism that seeks only the end, and is unscrupulous as to the means. And chief among those who moulded it was General Von Falkenhayn, a man to whom blood and iron is as the breath of life, who in 1911, three years before the outbreak of the war, openly boasted that "he saw the vista of a glorious future for Prussia born in a welter of slaughter, saw the graceful form of beloved Germania emerging from a red sea of blood to take her appointed place in the vanguard of civilisation."

The Despised Jew.

This is the man in whose hands the destinies of the world may one day conceivably rest; in his and in those of the other members of the Camarilla, the bloodthirsty Von Haeseler, the malevolent Pellet Narbonne, Von Einem, Von Kessel, and the Crown Prince. It is a fact worthy of note that, for reasons which I do not know, only the Generals of the Camarilla have been sent to the western front, while the war against Russia has been left exclusively to the direction of Von Hindenburg and Von Mackensen. Both these latter were and are bitter opponents of the Camarilla, which explains perhaps why the Kaiser, haunted by the thought that his army has been captured by the Camarilla, and that his place as War Lord has been usurped by the Crown Prince, lavishes his affection and rewards on them.

It was in 1910 that I first met Von Falkenhayn. He was then of no importance. Later the War Minister, Von Heeringen, initiated his revolt against the Camarilla, produced his plans for the democratisation of the Prussian command, and, horror of horrors! went to the extreme of declaring that he saw no reason why a Jew should not make a good officer.

A Prussian Junker.

Those who have lived in Germany will perhaps recognise the enormity of proposing such an innovation to the Prussian Junker. Von Heeringen had signed his own death warrant. The hoary old sinner, Von Haeseler, sitting in his shabby office, nominally subordinate to the War Minister, but in reality his superior, through the dread power of the Camarilla, pulled the string that ruined him who might conceivably have averted the present catastrophe. The Minister of War was vacant, and Von Haeseler selected Von Falkenhayn, "the audacious," as the Crown Prince calls him, always ready to do the bidding of his master, be the work never so dirty. Falkenhayn was German War Minister.

General von Hindenburg.

He is a Prussian of the hard-bitten type, a Junker of the worst class, one in whom the idea of the exalted worth of the Prussian nobility fell on good soil and flourished. To this add the fact that there is in Germany no more bitter opponent of democracy and you obtain a clear idea of his mentality

Hard as Von Haeseler is, he is but putty compared to the adamant Falkenhayn, who, in the course of his short period as War Minister, caused more "barrack suicides" than had taken place for many years. He celebrated his ascension to office by a startling and unprovoked attack on the Socialists and on German democracy. When his appointment was but two days old he proclaimed that he would make the barrack-yard the burial-place of Socialism, universal brotherhood, "and such like unpatriotic futilities." And he kept his word. He resorted to the most brutal force. Democratic officers were banished, lax disciplinarians were ruined, kindness to a conscript was almost cause for a court-martial. He gave unlimited powers to the "old boys," and told his officers that under all circumstances must their influence be developed. He tacitly gave approval to every form of barrack cruelty; nay, more, he openly encouraged it. He found the means of conscript education inadequate. He sought for novelties in the brutal reign of Frederick the Great, when the Prussian soldier was "free game" at the mercy of his superiors. And he found the "triangle," a most bestial form of cruelty, which explains in some measure the reason why the proportion of German recruits in the French Foreign Legion mounted so steadily. One who had lived under the barbarity of Von Falkenhayn had no need to blench before the iron discipline of the Legion. Things went to such a point, and desertions became so frequent, that a witty French journalist wrote:—"If only Von Falkenhayn remains Minister of War we shall possess the whole German Army."

No man in any country has in such a short period exercised a similar malevolent influence, and well might Liebknecht, in the course of a stormy debate, call him "Germany's evil genius." And not only with the conscripts did he act so, but with the Landwehr-manner, men who came from their families every year for a course of obligatory training.

Falkenhayn's Monstrous Order.

Once, in 1913, these men were being inspected by Von Falkenhayn, and, as was his custom, he inquired if there were any complaints. One of the men stepped forward, and complained that they were being treated worse than in their conscript days. The unfortunate spokesman was immediately arrested by Von Falkenhayn's orders, and when the culprit had been led away he turned to the regiment and said—"What has been told to me is good news. We do not take you from civil life that you may grow fat, but that you may learn to be good soldiers. Your duty is obedience. You are to be cannon fodder, nothing more."

I take up at random two newspapers that lie on my table. In one—an English paper with a reputation for impartiality—I read:—"Dense masses of Germans were advancing steadily, regardless of horrible losses. We pounded lead into them till our shoulders ached." The Petit Parisien, which I have just received from a French friend, relates the latest phase of the Verdun battle:—"Our machine guns and 75's poured in a withering fire, mowing down thousands of German soldiers. It was not war. It was a veritable butchery." Reading that, how can I deny the quality of bravery to the enemy? And yet I do. Those reckless advances give no proof of courage—to me, who have studied the German system in its own hotbeds, they afford every proof, I shall not say of cowardice, but of fear.

Germany's Evil Genius.

I will tell you a true story, which will prove my contention and show you "Germany's evil genius" as he really is. In November, after the battle of Muhlhausen, I met two German friends in Berlin. They told me how the French had driven the German regiments from the frontier, how they had captured Muhlhausen, and how the great rout had been stopped by Von Falkenhayn himself, who ordered the regiments to the attack. Regiment after regiment was hurled up, and thousands were slaughtered. Slowly, under the never-ending avalanche of men, the French were driven out. At one point they defended themselves from behind a six-foot rampart of dead and wounded Germans. Von Falkenhayn ordered his artillery to blow the rampart to pieces.

It was in those days when the men were not yet inured to the horrors of war, and one of the officers ventured to remonstrate that their comrades were perhaps still alive. Falkenhayn replied—"The poor devils are dead. If not, they soon will be." And the German artillery sent shell after shell through the mound of the bodies of their fallen friends.

And so the Germans won the battle of Muhlhausen. So they advanced at Verdun, and so at Vimy. Not because they were brave, but because they were fearful. In front are the rifles and bayonets and machine guns and cannon of the enemy. Behind are the dread spectres of Von Falkenhayn, Von Haeseler, and the rest of the blood-guilty Camarilla. In front lies death—perhaps. Behind lies death—certain, and a death most miserable and most terrible. For Von Falkenhayn dishonours his victims. He who advances not is shot, after terrible torture.

Driven to Suicide.

In the records of his regiment Von Falkenhayn has ordered that the victim's name be posted as "Vaterlandsverrater." At every roll-call his name is read, followed by the dread "Shot—traitor to the Fatherland." To his wife, mother, or nearest relative comes from the War Office not a letter, but a postcard that all the world may read:—"The soldier —— has, by orders of the Military Tribunal, been executed for cowardice and treason on the field of battle. Any allowance, gratuity, or pension which may have been allotted to you by the Imperial Government is hereby annulled." The stigma on the family can only be cleansed by the death on the battlefield of the remaining male members of the family. The victim is buried like a suicide in unconsecrated ground. An enemy bullet kills once. Von Falkenhayn kills many times, and he kills honour. Thus are his soldiers brave, even as the red-deer, which, fearful of the pursuing hounds, dashes itself over a cliff.

NEXT WEEK.

What I learned of the inner secrets of the colossal German spy system.

EVILS AFTER INFLUENZA

At the present time thousands of people are suffering acutely from the serious troubles that invariably follow an attack of influenza.

Influenza thins the blood, and the anæmia or bloodlessness which follows influenza is very stubborn in resisting treatment. As long as the blood remains thin there will be the danger of a possible relapse, and you will continue to suffer from great weakness, severe melancholy, loss of energy, and sleeplessness.

After influenza the nervous system remains debilitated, and the exhausted nerves have little chance of regaining strength, because the blood is too thin to feed them.

The best way to correct the many after-effects of influenza is to build up and renew your impoverished blood, and there is no better blood builder than Dr. Williams' pink pills.

As soon as the revitalized blood courses through your system you are aware of its beneficial influence in several ways. Gradually the colour returns to your pale cheeks, your appetite and digestion improve, and you are really on the road to health.

Begin promptly a course of Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people; you can get them locally, but accept Dr. Williams' only, for substitutes are worse than useless.

A FREE HEALTH GUIDE will be sent to you if you address a postcard request to Book Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London.

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Closely set advertisements are inserted under this heading at the prepaid rate of 1d per word.

COCHRANE'S HELP YOU to start a business of your own. Make money selling genuine bargains. Drapery remnants, ready-made handkerchiefs. Write for catalogue. Cochrane's Warehouse 24 Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

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THE Sunday Album of Sacred Songs, classical and popular; arranged with piano accompaniment. Voice part in staff and tonic sol-fa. Post free, 1s 4d W. L. Hampton, musicseller, Perth, N.B.

LATEST FROM LONDON.

UNEASINESS AMONGST THE NEUTRALS.

RASPUTIN'S VISIT TO BRITAIN.

(By "Post" Special Wire.)

London, Saturday Night.

NEUTRALS living in London who know better than most people what the Germans are capable of doing are greatly perturbed over the rumours that are floating around regarding Germanic intentions.

The Swiss residents amongst us, and their are thousands all over London, have been receiving messages from their own country which suggest that the Germans will go to any lengths to compel neutral nations to do all they can to forward the fatal peace which for some time she has been planning.

The message received from Zurich that there is a likelihood of a brutal blow being struck has aroused the utmost indignation, and those whom I interviewed in the vicinity of Shaftesbury Avenue were united in their determination that Germany must be made to realise that nothing she might dare to essay would be realised if human fortitude and sacrifice could prevent it.

Rasputin's Visit To London.

Among the Russians the news of the assassination of the monk Rasputin has been excitedly discussed. Prince Yussoupoff, who is said to have figured in the affair, is well known in London society, having been educated at Oxford, and I have it on the best authority that the notorious monk was on one occasion a visitor to the Metropolis. On that occasion he met several well-known people who are interested in occult matters, and succeeded in impressing them with his wonderful powers.

His hold on the Russian Court was gained by his claims to be a powerful spiritualistic medium. Assisted by a small army of confederates, spies, and others, he held wonderful seances, and was able to persuade his dupes that not only could he lay the future bare, but could weave spells after the manner of the seers and wizards of the Middle Ages.

He had illimitable power, and German diplomatists, recognising his value, made the most of him. The Allies will lose nothing by his death.

Hotel Cecil Commandeered.

Provincial visitors to London always looked upon the Hotel Cecil as one of the sights of London. Interest no longer centres in it as a caravansera for the wealthy, the Government having taken it over for the use of the new Air Minister.

The hotel was particularly favoured by Yankee millionaires, who found in it every comfort and convenience that dollars could purchase. Royalty have stayed in it on several occasions, one member of a Royal family having eloped from it with a humble musician.

At one time it was the town residence of one of our best known and most popular novelists, and in a commodious suite of rooms I met Mr Hughes, the Australian Premier, during his campaign in this country. The members of the Constitutional Club went there after their own premises were taken over, and I understand they are not to be disturbed at present.

Big Game Hunter's End.

In the neighbourhood of the Adelphi this afternoon the news of the death of Captain Selous came as a severe blow. The big game hunter was a well-known visitor to the little room in which the frontiersmen used to meet, and it seems like yesterday that I discussed with him and Lieutenant-Colonel Driscol, of the famous Scouts, the possibilities of the great war.

I remember how insistent he and his chief were, in spite of all the optimists were saying, that every man would be required before the end to crush Germany. Although an old man, Captain Selous was determined to do his share, and he was one of the first to go to Gallipoli.

His fame as an explorer and lion hunter was world-wide, but it is not generally known that Rider Haggard immortalised him as one of the chief characters in "King Solomon's Mines."

PLEASANT SURPRISE FOR CRIEFF SOLDIER.

"Good chap, Cuthbert! Congratulations!" were the words in which, with a hearty shake of the hand, his sergeant-major greeted Sapper Thomas Cuthbert, Royal

Engineers (a Crieff man), on his return to billet a day late after enjoying his first leave home.

"What for?" asked the mystified soldier, and the officer replied—"Don't you know you have won the Military Medal for that job you did at Mouquet Farm?" "I nearly dropped," wrote Sapper Cuthbert to his wife in recounting the incident.

Before enlisting in June, 1915, the sapper was a telegraph linesman in the service of the Post Office, and it was while carrying out special duties that he earned the decoration. He has been fourteen months in France.

TIRPITZ'S PROBABLE RETURN TO POWER.

WILL GERMANY OVERRUN DUTCH AND DANISH TERRITORY?

BY MAURICE PRENDERGAST.

London, Saturday Night.

THE German people are now acquainted with the tenor of the Entente Reply to the Peace Note. We are told that, in Berlin, the general reading of our rejoinder in its published form is "a flat refusal" to end the war. Exactly. It is a flat refusal to end the war by acknowledging Germany as victor and accepting whatever terms she may offer.

Punch, this week, contains a very good drawing by Mr Frank Reynolds, depicting a gloomy Gretchen saying to her corpulent Hans, "Will it never end? Think of our awful responsibility before humanity." "And of these eternal sardines at every meal," he replies. Which hits the situation off to a nicety. Sardines and an empty stomach have more to do with Germany's desire for peace than any sudden solicitude for humanity.

Neutrals and belligerents are very much interested in the topic of "what is going to happen next?" Sundry prophets are already attempting to predict the course of affairs in the immediate future.

> Quite the most piquant idea yet advanced suggests that Grand Admiral von Tirpitz will return to power at no remote date. Presumably Tirpitz will ride the whirlwind of ultra-frightfulness as the exponent of Teutonic fury and disappointment at the failure of the premature peace trap.

The restoration of the ex-Marine Secretary to office is one of those factors we must reckon up in advance on the "forewarned is forearmed" principle. It is quite apparent that, for the past six months, the power of Tirpitz has been in the ascendant. It will be recollected that the split between the Chancellor and Tirpitz took place about a year ago over the question of complying with or resisting the American remonstrances against U boat warfare "with the lid off." Tirpitz and his naval clique of extreme "whole-hoggers" in piracy wished to flout President Wilson, regardless of consequences. Bethmann Hollweg and his "moderate" followers advocated a temporary submission to Washington until the trouble blew over.

The Subterranean Source of Energy.

The Chancellor won the day, and Tirpitz was adroitly deported into retirement. For the past ten months or so the Grand-Admiral has maintained complete silence. But, while appearing externally as an imposing and extinct volcano, his power has been working underground. The Reventlow and Bassermann volcanoes have been working with redoubled fury, pouring red-hot lava down the columns of the German press and roaring for a ruthless form of naval warfare. Their subterranean source of energy is, of course, Von Tirpitz.

Within the past few months the Chancellor's policy of moderation in the submarine campaign has been markedly on the wane. Neutral shipping is again being victimised without restraint, and this indicates that the "Tirpitzian" regime of frightfulness is once more becoming predominant in German naval policy. In spite of his resignation and withdrawal from public life, the Grand-Admiral's reputation never stood higher among the German public than it does to-day.

By the simple process of concealing a quarter to two-thirds of the Jutland losses, the Berlin authorities created their spurious "victory." But it is Tirpitz, and not Von Capelle, Scheer, or Hinper, who received the gratitude and admiration of a deluded nation. The Germans look upon him as the creator of the fleet which inflicted a stunning defeat on British naval power. Nor is it forgotten that Tirpitz was the ostensible originator of the submarine blockade. The latest successes, derived from the renewed activity in this form of naval warfare, are traced back to their origin in the days of his administration.

During his long career in office, Tirpitz made the fullest use of the press in furthering his scheme of naval development. His advertising experience accompanied him into exile, and for the past six months the veteran sea Hun has been cunningly manipulating the press for his own advancement.

Will he return again to Wilhelmstrasse? Here we sail into a sea of doubt, and can only shape our course by analogy. Nothing appeared more secure than Falkenhayn's position, but even the Kaiser was compelled to depose his favourite in order to satisfy the public demand for the elevation of Hindenburg to supreme military power. The same populace, smarting under the disappointment of an immediate and convenient peace, may require that the direction of the naval war shall be returned to the hands of the old chief, whose avowed policy of marine terrorism may bring hostilities to an end.

Tirpitz as Chancellor.

We are already being threatened with "terrible events" by way of reprisal for our refusal to swallow the peace bait. If perverted ingenuity can devise fresh barbarities at sea they will be employed now. Tirpitz has always stood out for an absolutely ruthless and most virulent form of submarine campaign, and his tactics of intimidation appear to offer the only feasible way of bringing the war to a rapid conclusion.

> His name has already been mentioned in connection with the Chancellorship. It may be this contingency which led President Wilson to fear a diplomatic rupture with Germany in the immediate future. Tirpitz, as Chancellor, would pay but scant courtesy to the most indignant of Notes from Washington.

If the Grand-Admiral does return to executive power, it will probably be with greater authority than in his old role of Marine Secretary. What is suggested is the formation of a War Triumvirate, consisting of the Kaiser, Hindenburg, and Tirpitz.

The Berlin press hurls invective at the Entente Powers for rejecting the peace advances of Bethmann Hollweg, and adds a significant note of sorrow, "for the sake of neutrals," that the war must be carried on.

We know what this lamentation for neutrals means. It resembles the streaming tears of the Walrus and Carpenter when they devoured the little oysters. As the neutrals have not succeeded in pulling Germany's chestnuts out of the fire, they must suffer in the coming climax of U boat warfare. Germany's small neighbours are already getting uneasy over their situation.

Lord French has made the startling suggestion this week that Germany, in her last eextremity, may attack and overrun Danish Dutch, or Swiss territory. If such a policy commends itself to the Kaiser, Hindenburg, Tirpitz, or any other of Germany's war leaders, they will have little scruple in putting it into effect at once. Denmark, Holland, and Switzerland are fully alive to their danger. They have kept part of their armies mobilised on a war footing, and, for a considerable time past, they have been fortifying and entrenching their frontiers. There is also a very good reason to believe two of these smaller European Powers have been procuring military supplies from America for some time past.

The Position of Denmark.

Lord French's observations were solely confined to the possible military advantages which might tempt Germany into essaying the conquest of Denmark or Holland. The subject has already been discussed from the naval standpoint in these columns, and it is only necessary to indicate the general conclusions arrived at a few months ago. Briefly, it was argued that Germany's naval situation would be gravely endangered by an attack on either of her smaller northern neighbours, Holland and Denmark. If her military campaign should fail, she would be confronted by two hostile nations placed on the flanks of her North Sea coast line and naval bases. Denmark would also be within measurable striking distance of the Kiel Canal.

The addition of these two States to the Entente Powers would place Copenhagen, the key of the Baltic, at the disposal of the British Navy. The Allies would also acquire a new series of naval bases of the greatest strategic value advanced right up to the German coast. The Dutch coast and its fringe of islands would form an admirable "point d' appui" for our naval forces, and would render Zeppelin raids or excursions by the German Fleet into the North Sea almost impossible.

In the early days of the war Denmark, Norway, and Sweden formed a League of Neutrality with a view to supporting their own interests and safeguarding themselves from wanton aggression. Any attack by Germany on Denmark would probably lead to an immediate rupture with Norway and Sweden.

> With these three countries and Holland ranged in hostility to Germany, our work of blockade would be greatly lightened. There would no longer be any necessity for carefully watching neutral imports or rationing the non-belligerent countries in the North Sea.

Further, a wanton attempt to crush and enslave the Dutch and Danes would have an immediate effect in America. Even American desire to keep out of the war could hardly survive a repetition of the Louvain horrors at Utrecht.

Germany might gamble for some passing military gain by assaulting her weaker neighbours, using them as "lifebuoys." But, from the naval standpoint, she would throw away practically the whole of her secure strategic position. From the economic side, she would lose what little food imports she derives from Holland and Denmark, while, politically, she would become a pariah. Expediency would surely forbid Germany from pursuing so suicidal a course, but Germany is rapidly approaching the position where nothing matters compared with the prospect of annihilation.

Determined on Suicide.

A man—or a nation—determined on suicide has nothing whatever to fear. Dr Johnson once pointed out that a man determined on self-destruction "might go and take the King of Prussia by his nose at the head of his army. He cannot fear the rack who is determined to kill himself." Mentioning the case of a certain individual who walked down to the Thames and drowned himself, Dr Johnson pointed out that "he might, if he pleased, have first turned aside and set fire to St James's Palace." Germany, if she pleases, can set fire to the whole European Constitution before she destroys herself. And she probably will do so.

The Amsterdam Telegraaf this week published some highly informative notes, contributed by a neutral after a visit to Kiel. German naval dockyard ports are "walled towns" kept so inviolably detached from the outer world that all news gleaned within them cannot pass without comment. Accordingly, we will take the statements communicated to the Dutch paper and supply an apposite commentary to each.

"Fully seventy per cent. of the German submarine officers now belong to the Reserve." This evidently means that nearly three-quarters of the U boat commanders are at present drafted from the German Naval Reserve. With a few exceptions, practically all the German submarine commanders trained before the war have "gone West," and probably new officers cannot be withdrawn from the active list for training without depleting the executive staffs of battleships and cruisers, &c.

Few of the Reserve officers were familiar with submarine work before the war, because, in 1914, Germany only possessed about twenty-eight submarines, including eight old boats for training duty. The drafts of officers from the Reserve corroborate a previous statement that about thirty submarines are kept at Kiel for training service.

Germany's Monster.

"A vast number of submarines and torpedo craft are being built at Kiel." This report is probably correct, too. We know that Germany's big warships have been built at a very slow rate, and that light cruisers have exceeded the pre-war building period by fifty to eighty per cent. Light cruisers have also been superseded, to a great extent, as scouts by the Zeppelins.

By the process of elimination, it became obvious that Germany's powers of naval construction were being focussed on the building of torpedo craft and submarines of two species:—large sea-going types for oceanic work and a greater number of small vessels for coastal work or limited operations in the North Sea.

"Germany's submarine losses have been enormous." This item adds nothing to our fund of knowledge. All we can do is to blandly repeat the observation, "Germany's submarine losses have been enormous." No further information than this will be presented gratis to the world, lest it be overheard by Hunnish ears.

"The Bismark, Germany's largest warship, is now ready." The name of this new ship reveals her type and identity. All German battle-cruisers bear the names of famous generals, such as Blucher, Moltke, Hindenburg, &c. The Bismark is evidently the ship previously known by her pre-launch name of Ersatz Viktoria Luise, that is "the new ship to replace the obsolete cruiser Viktoria Luise." Money was voted for her construction in the German 1914 Navy Estimates, but, up to the outbreak of war, she had not been laid down. If she is completed now, she must have taken about thirty months to build—just about the average time for building a big German capital ship before the war began.

Nothing definite is known about her, but it was rumoured she would be 720 feet long, about 98 feet broad, and would draw 28 feet of water. As she is the biggest ship in the Kaiser's Navy, she must be larger than the Bayern of 28,000 tons. The Bismark is probably a 30,000-tonner, armed with eight 15 or 16.8-inch guns, backed up by batteries of 6 and 3.4-inch weapons. The speed of German battle-cruisers is about 27 knots, and we can suppose the Bismark will be of the same speed, and should have engines of ninety to a hundred thousand horse-power.

> If these details are on the mark, she certainly is a monster. But the British Navy also possesses a few lusty "war babies" in the Super-Everything line.

"The Hidden Hand" and the Jutland Battle.

One minor conundrum created by the completion of the new Bismark concerns the fate of the old German cruiser of the same name. No navy can ever hold two warships of the same name. The old Furst Bismark was an armoured cruiser, built in 1897, but about 1913 she was converted into a torpedo training ship. The simplest solution is, of course, that she has been renamed. But it is equally possible the old Bismark has been sunk at some time during the war. Here follows the most interesting extract from the Telegraaf's report.

"Sailors who took part in the Skager Rak (Jutland) Battle are not proud of results. The Koenig, Seydlitz, and Derfflinger were very badly damaged, but the Westfalen escaped in fair condition. Sailors try to explain the defeat of the Skager Rak by saying that the commander of Heligoland, who has a British wife living in Germany, betrayed the secrets of the German Navy to England."

And so here we are at last! The "defeat," mark you, of the Skager Rak, and not the "victory"! The Seydlitz, we know already, was almost hammered into scrap iron, and was beached on the Schleswig-Holstein coast. She may have been salved and taken into harbour—a report exists to that effect—but she may be beyond repair. Derfflinger also received marked attention from Sir David Beatty's battle-cruisers, and afterwards had a furious duel with the Invincible, which ended by the British ship blowing up.

The Koenig (one of Germany's new Dreadnoughts) also got well mauled, for Sir John Jellicoe mentioned in his despatch that two vessels of this type came under a severe fire from the Grand Fleet. But we hear nothing of the two or three Kaiser type Dreadnoughts presumed to have been sunk. The Westfalen may have "escaped" (how does one "escape" from a "victory"?) with little injury, because she came out into the North Sea last August, and got torpedoed two or three times by a British submarine. She did not survive the encounter, as the Germans would have us believe.

> I like the explanation very much. Germany lost the Battle of the Skager Rak because of the "Hidden Hand"! All the blame is shoved on the commander of Heligoland for having committed the unpardonable sin of marrying an English woman, who, according to German ideas, must be a Suffragette. The "betrayal" excuse is an obvious and feeble evasion of the real and unpalatable truth that the High Sea Fleet was beaten by more skilful admirals, better men, better ships, and better gunnery.

LATEST COMMENTS FROM THE WORLD'S PRESS.

Almost Played Out.

The consensus of opinion is that Germany is almost played out. But the Kaiser will go down fighting, and we are not going to shatter his hideous lifework without a struggle.—Weekly News.

"Midsummer Madness."

It is absolute midsummer madness to declare, as they do in Paris and in London, we will make no peace before we have secured our military victory.—Munich Post.

When The War Will Be Over.

Sir William Robertson was asked the other day when the war will be over. "When will the war be over?" he repeated. "Why, when we've won it, of course!"—Sheffield Telegraph.

A Bad Egg.

It is not brutal, but common sense, to remark that it would have been better if from the first it had been recognised that Greece was a bad egg, instead of trying to persuade ourselves that she was, like the curate's egg, only bad in parts.—Saturday Review.

Extremely Awkward.

In these distressful days substitutes have been found for every necessity, from sole leather to hair pomade; potato substitutes, coffee substitutes, sugar substitutes, sausage substitutes, too, are available to meet the scarcity of food. Only for the root of all evil—the lack of ready cash—has no substitute yet been discovered. — Bergische Arbeiterstimme.

No Weapon too Low.

The decisive moment of the war approaches. Germany can face it in calmness and confidence. The guilt for the continuance of the war falls not on her shoulders; and she will triumph all the same. Her victory will, however, only be complete and signify a true liberation of humanity when the chief culprits in the monstrous massacres are brought low. To deal them the mortal blow no weapon can be low enough to be despised.—Cologne Volkszeitung.

St George and the Dragon.

The British people have before them the opportunity to solve the liquor problem. Will they seize it, or will they let it pass unused, never to return? A series of astonishing accidents, and a fortunate moment in the mood of the nation, have combined to make it possible for Mr Lloyd George to confer a great benefit on his country, and to obtain for himself a pre-eminent position amongst modern statesmen. If the liquor problem is solved in a way that is reasonable in itself and just to all—the way in which it can now be solved—the praise will be his alone. He will be the St George who has slain the Dragon.—Spectator.

Allies Should Define Their Terms.

There is one overwhelming reason why the Allies should not join Germany in resisting President Wilson's invitation to the belligerents to define their terms and war objects. Obscurity is never the refuge of a strong litigant. But in this war needless obscurity is a crime. Unless we deny all rights of democratic judgment, the veil of phrases—even of good but double-meaning phrases like "security" and "restitution"—must not be allowed to fall for ever over the nations and the armies engaged in so vast a contention to the death. Therefore, even if we finally refuse to negotiate we cannot refuse to tell.—The Nation.

The Murder of Rasputin.

It would be hypocrisy to say that English people were shocked at the news of the murder of Rasputin. Try as we may to fortify ourselves in the conviction that assassinations are always deplorable, we cannot overcome the feeling that in this particular instance the results may be wholly desirable. Nobody but a Russian novelist in bad health could do justice to Rasputin's character and career, and it is difficult for Western Europeans to credit the strength of his influence. Since the outbreak of war his sinister power is understood to have been consistently exercised in favour of Germany and reaction. Except by those who used him, he was universally detested in Russia, and it will be interesting to se what punishment is meted out to his assassins.—New Statesman.

THE PATRIOTIC CARDWELLS.

The Motherwell family of Cardwells have done nobly by their country at this time. No less than four sons joined up and donned the King's uniform.

Private Neil F. Cardwell, Gordon Highlanders, was wounded at Loos, and after lying for seven months in hospital proceeded to "do his bit" again. He has now fallen in action.

His brother, Corporal J. Cardwell, New Zealand Rifle Brigade, is at present in hospital in England recovering from wounds. Other two brothers are fighting on the Western front. Private Cardwell's home address is 83 Camp Street, Motherwell.

PREPARING FOR FURTHER ADVANCE IN THE WEST.

GERMANY CRUMBLING FAST—ALLIES' STRATEGY VINDICATED.

BY GUY L'ESTRANGE.

(OVER "POST" SPECIAL WIRE.)

London, Saturday Night.

THE efforts of the Eastern or Balkan school of strategists to enforce their views on the Allied conduct of the war has produced the inevitable reaction. Happily the armchair strategists who are now making their opinions heard so vehemently are not the people who determine actual events. But the demand which is being made in some quarters for a withdrawal of the Expeditionary Force from Salonika is one which has to be as carefully watched as the proposal which went to the opposite extreme, and wanted us to dissipate our forces in the West and send an enormous army to Salonika on the principle of "knocking out Austria first."

It may be quite freely admitted that the Salonika expedition has put, and is putting, a serious strain on our resources both of men and of shipping. If anyone listened to the those talk about sending another million men to this second, and subsidiary, theatre of the war that strain would be correspondingly increased, and might conceivably become unbearable.

But it is quite another matter to talk of abandoning Salonika altogether. The enterprise on which we embarked when we sent troops to Greece at the invitation of M. Venezelos may or may not have been ill-advised.

But in any case it is not an enterprise from which, as from Gallipoli, we can withdraw without leaving a stain on our national honour.

Those who advocate this course do not tell us whether we are to abandon M. Venezelos and the Greeks who have loyally stood by us to their fate. Nor do they consider the part which the Expeditionary Force at Salonika may yet play in the war if, as we all hope may be the case, Roumania recovers her lost territory in the spring, and, with weakened forces opposed to her, is once more able to throw her armies into the fertile plains of Transylvania. The country in which General Sarrail is operating is no doubt very unfavourable for military operations. But at the very worst the Expeditionary Force there is holding up, and will continue to hold up, very large enemy forces.

The Surest Road to Safety.

Let us imagine for a moment what would happen if the Expeditionary Force were withdrawn. The so-called Greek Royalists would almost assuredly throw off the mask and cast in their lot with the Central Empires. Germany would thus obtain a further accession of man power, though it is no doubt a fact that such accession of power would involve a further drain on the food supplies of the Central Empires. For Greece is exceedingly vulnerable from the sea, and the blockade would make her wholly dependent on Germany for her food supplies.

But the factor of most importance is man power. The whole of the Bulgarian and Austro-German forces at present mobilised in what may be called the Salonika front would be instantly released, if not for employment on the Western front, for employment at least against the Roumanians and the Russians in the East.

Germany's through railway from Berlin to Constantinople and Bagdad would be more secure than ever, and we should make the enemy a present of one more asset to bargain with when peace terms at last have to be considered.

These are weighty considerations, which are not likely to be overlooked in London, Paris, or Petrograd. Even subsidiary theatres of the war have their uses, and the more we are able to apply simultaneous pressure on the enemy at different points the greater is the probability that the campaign of 1917 will produce a decisive victory in the West.

Let us, therefore, have no more divergent counsels. There are evidences that Germany is crumbling fast, and this is the best possible testimony of the correctness of the strategy we are pursuing. There is as much to be said against a total withdrawal from Salonika as against the policy of making Salonika the scene of our main effort. The surest road to safety is to be found in the mean between the two extremes.

Feverish Activity.

It has been a week of preparation rather than of active movement in the war. Although the Premier and Lord Milner are in Italy, the War Cabinet holds its daily sittings, and great new State departments are springing into existence to organise the resources of the nation. For this is the beginning of 1917, the year which we all hope may see the end of the terrible conflict which has drenched Europe in blood. But it is altogether a mistake to imagine that anything more than relative quietude reigns on the fighting front.

The official communiques, it is true, almost convey the impression that a condition of something like stagnation prevails. The casualty lists tell a different story, and those of us who see the long ambulance trains steaming into the London stations in the early hours of the morning are better able perhaps to form an estimate of what is going on than those who draw their conclusions from the few brief lines which are all that Sir Douglas Haig vouchsafes us just now about the actual fighting.

And it is worth remembering that during these intervals, when the condition of the ground prevents infantry movement on all but two or three favoured sectors of the Western front, there is always feverish activity behind the lines.

Matters such as the accumulation of ammunition, the building of railways, the digging of miles and miles of new trenches, are apt to be overlooked, but in their influence on the future conduct of the campaign they are far more important than the sanguinary trench raids, which, with steady and persistent artillery bombardment, are the episodes which just now find most prominence in the official reports from headquarters.

The Problem of the Next Advance.

To the general public who are rather in a position of an audience at the theatre waiting while elaborate scenery is shifted for the next act, this period of waiting is unquestionably a little trying. But there can be no change until weather conditions permit of infantry movement, and, what is in no degree less important, the shifting of heavy guns from one position to another, so as to permit of any success being followed up.

> I have always maintained that, so far as weather conditions permitted, no rest would be given to the enemy during the long winter months. Proof of this will be afforded whenever the ground dries up sufficiently to make an offensive worth while.

The articles appearing in the German newspapers show that the enemy realise this as well as we do, and this is the explanation of the almost continuous artillery bombardment that is taking place at many points on the Western front. It is most violent, perhaps, round about Ypres, Armentieres, and even further north, but the bombardment is so general that it affords the Germans no indication of where the next blow is likely to be struck.

No troops in the world could advance over No Man's Land in face of withering machine gun fire when they sink to their knees, and sometimes literally to their waists in yielding mud and clay. But it is unreasonable to suppose that these conditions will prevail continuously all through the winter.

A drying wind, and an entire absence of rain work miracles on the ground, even in a few days, and it is unlikely that we shall have to wait until the primroses bloom in our woods before we hear again of big happenings on the Western front. But the problem of the next advance is essentially a problem of the weather.

Menace to Neutrals.

Lord French, in one of those interviews with an American journalist with which we seek to inform opinion in the United States on the objects we are pursuing in the war, has been making some significant remarks on the dangers which may soon confront small neutral countries adjacent to Germany.

Lord French does not disguise his fears that in the months that lie before us small neutral countries bordering on Germany may be overrun by the Teutonic armies, and, in their turn, treated as Belgium and others have been treated.

Holland in particular has always been keenly alive to this menace. To the Dutch Government the suggestions that have at various times been put forward that the British should attempt a landing on the Belgian Coast, with the object of turning the flank of the enemy's armies operating on Northern France, has always been a matter of very lively concern. Holland's fear has always been that in that case the hard-pressed German troops might be driven over her frontier, and pay scant regard to her rights as a neutral nation.

Her danger is, of course, greater than that of Norway and Sweden, or than the danger of Denmark, though even the Scandinavian Powers might conceivably be drawn into the vortex of the war if Germany's submarine warfare is carried to the extreme lengths that the hotheads in Berlin are demanding.

That the struggles of the wild animal will become more violent as we draw nearer to the end has always been expected. But the general outlook in these, the opening days of the New Year, is full of promise from the point of view of the Allies.

Beware of Peace Talk.

Whilst this is a general military situation, we must beware of being led away by the peace talk which figures just now so prominently in the daily press. It is understood that the reply of the Entente Powers to America's peace suggestions has now been drafted, and will very shortly be in the hands of President Wilson. No doubt it will be necessary to define in general terms what our statesmen mean when they speak of restitution, reparation, and guarantees, but when these points are made clear it is to be hoped that there may be an end of peace talk for the present.

That a good deal of mischief has been done already by the enemy's peace propaganda must be apparent to anyone who looks beneath the surface of things. Germany's methods have been exceedingly subtle, and they have met with a considerable measure of success.

No one can deny that the public generally have adopted the pleasing view that the end of the war is in sight, and this in itself is calculated to cause some slackening of the national effort.

It has to be remembered, further, that all these stories that are current about the imminent collapse of the Central Empires will hardly tend to make people accept with cheerful readiness the further sacrifices to which it is inevitable that the Government will soon have to ask us to submit ourselves. These, of course, are precisely the consequences which Germany hoped would flow from her peace propaganda.

> It is before all things important that we should bear in mind the salient fact that Germany's overtures are not so much an offer of peace as a manœuvre of war.

ORDAINED LADY MINISTER

HEAVILY FINED FOR FORTUNE-TELLING.

J.P. AND HIS DEAD SOLDIER SON.

London, Saturday.

The hearing of the charge against Almira Brockway, an American subject, who described herself as a psychic, of Linden Gardens, Nottinghill Gate, of professing to tell fortunes was resumed at West London today. When arrested she said, "I do not tell fortunes, but simply get into communication with the spirits. In some cases I do not succeed. Spiritualism will be the universal religion."

William Copeland Trimble, a Justice of the Peace and a Town Councillor of Enniskillen, Ireland, said that until recently he was not a believer in psychic matters. In the course of inquiries he came to London, and saw Mme. Brockway at the end of November. She was tired, the evening was gloomy, and the gas was not lit. She told him to write down on slips of paper the names of those with whom he wished to communicate.

On one of the papers he wrote the name "Noel Desmond Trimble," who had died in the war. The reply to the question he got was that Noel Desmond had endeavoured to impress himself upon her.

A Painful Sight.

Being sceptical, he paid a second visit, taking with him a set of test questions, written at his hotel. One question was, "If Noel's passing was painless?"

The witness thought this a good question, because Noel's elder brother, who was in the same brigade, and saw him interred, had written to say that his brother died without pain.

As soon as the witness asked the question Mme. Brockway went through all the contortions of suffocation, so much so that it was painful for him to look upon her. He told her it was enough, and she said that Noel's body turned black, and that he had been gassed. At that time he did not know that the body had turned black, or that his son had been suffocated. It was not for some time after that soldiers from the front informed him that the body was discoloured, his son having been gassed.

The Rev. Carew Serveny, St John, Mildmay, a member of the Athenæm Club, said he had attended every sitting at Bechstein Hall, and had two private sittings with Mme. Brockway. He denied there was any suggestion of conjuring. He believed Mme. Brockway was perfectly genuine.

"Labourer Worthy of His Hire."

Mme. Brockway then gave evidence. In her earlier days she worked as a dressmaker. She lost her fortune through a fire. Her husband was an x-ray doctor, and an inventor of electrical appliances. Shortly after their marriage they made investigations into spiritualism for their own satisfaction, in order to discover whether there was a life beyond the grave.

She first began working as a medium by means of slate-writing. Coming to the end of her resources, however, she communicated with the guides in the spirit world, and they pointed out that Jesus Christ said that a labourer was worthy of his hire. After that she made charges for her work.

Describing her mode of procedure, she said that people came to her and wrote questions on slips of paper. What was on the paper she didn't know until the spirit guide told her. If the writing was very bad it was quite possible that the spirit guide might make mistakes. She only passed on communications which the spirits gave her. She said she was an ordained minister, and had had churches at Boston and many other cities.

Mr Wild, K.C. (defending)—Is it not a little strange, therefore, that you are being charged with being a rogue and vagabond?

Brockway was found guilty of fortune-telling, and was fined £50, with thirty guineas costs, and the Magistrate made an order recommending her for deportation.

CHAPELHALL MAN WINS D.C.M.

Sergeant David Stangoe, K.O.S.B., has written home to his father in Chapelhall that he has just been awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal for good work done by him in the Somme fighting. The sergeant, who was a miner previous to enlistment, joined the H.L.I., and with that regiment he went to the Dardanelles. He was wounded in the fighting there, but recovered in hospital in this country, and went to France in February, 1916, attached to the K.O.S.B. Not long afterwards he was made corporal, and latterly sergeant.

RASPUTIN, THE SINISTER MONK.

EXTRAORDINARY FACTS ABOUT RUSSIA'S GREATEST PRO-GERMAN.

MAN WHO BROUGHT ABOUT THE FALL OF THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS.

Gregori Rasputin.

London, Saturday.

A MORE weird drama has never been evolved than is comprised in the life and death of Gregori Rasputin, the so-called monk and mystic, who for more than five years has wielded so baleful an influence on social and political life in Russia. There seems no doubt that he was engaged in pro-German political intrigues of the most disastrous description.

The murder of Rasputin is one of the most dramatic and sensational events of modern history. There is little doubt that this sinister character, who had brought scandal on many hitoric families, met his death at the hands of Prince Youssoupoff, a nephew of the Czar by marriage, and there seems still less doubt, if a tithe of the stories about Rasputin's mode of life are true, that he richly deserved his fate.

According to the latest telegrams, Rasputin was brought to Prince Youssoupoff's house, where he was met by a party of young men. Rasputin was then told that he was condemned to death. A revolver was given him, and he was told to shoot himself. Then—so goes the story—he fired at the man who gave him the revolver, missed him, but killed a wolfhound that happened to be standing by. The revolver was knocked out of Rasputin's hand, and one of the young men shot him on the spot. The body was taken out, placed on a motor car, carried out beyond the town, and thrown over the bridge at the mouth of the Neva, where his body was two days later discovered.

Responsible for Grand Duke's Fall.

Remarkable indeed is the story of Gregori Rasputin, who is alleged to have been responsible for the fall of the Grand Duke Nicholas, formerly commander-in-chief of the Russian Armies, and was also the instigator of a plot to assassinate M. Miliuhoff, the leader of the Cadet party in the Russian Duma, whose revelations brought about the dismissal of the pro-German Russian Premier Sturmer.

Son of a Siberian farmer, and a man of no education, he managed at one time by some strange means to secure such an influence at the Russian capital that he became an important factor in politics. Born at Tobolsk about forty years ago, his real name was Gregory Novykh, but the peasants of his district nicknamed him Gregory Rasputin, which may be freely translated "Gregory the Rake."

What was the secret of this half-illiterate Siberian peasant's power? It was because he had obtained the reputation of a seer and a prophet of God. Much in Russian tradition favours the periodic appearance of some such wizard and soothsayer These may be charlatans for the most part, but now and again they prove to be something more. To say that the world has outgrown them is quite erroneous as regards Russia.

Help of Women Devotees.

Each step of Rasputin's progress had been taken by the help of women devotees. He had a quiet, well-modulated, "warm" voice, and used at times the archaic "thee," "thou" phraseology of the Bible, which sacred book was the only literature he ever read.

First in Western Siberia, and later along the Volga, he used to sojourn as Scripture reader in the houses of the provincial merchants and others of the peasant class who had prospered in a worldly way.

These men would often have money enough to indulge their wives in any luxury, but the simple, elementary life in those remote districts provided no means of relaxation. The women would frequently drop into the state of nervous depression which is the common malady of idle rich womenkind the world over.

Then from household to household spread the rumour that Gregori Rasputin, the Scripture reader, had the marvellous secret of dispelling the restless, nervous feeling. Eastward from Moscow he attained some fame as a "healer" among religious circles.

It was a part of Rasputin's practice to use absolute patriarchal directness in his talk with his women followers. No matter what the subject discussed might be. The simple words he used in relation to the elementary facts in human life would sound coarse to cultured ears.

One of the most remarkable features of Rasputin's history was the complete ascendency he was able to obtain over almost every one who came in contact with him. He practised the laying-on of hands with remarkable results, not only among the superstitious peasantry, but among the aristocracy of Petrograd itself.

Centre of Many Scandals.

In addition to that he was a powerful figure in political intrigue. He was so powerful, indeed, that when Bishop Theofanos, whose protege he once was, discovered that he was the centre of many scandals of the grossest character, and secured a decree banishing him to Siberia, Rasputin was able to have the decree cancelled and to encompass the disgrace and banishment of the Bishop himself.

"Rasputin was the most-talked-of man in Petrograd," said a Russian lady to a London press representative.

"Most of the people I met spoke of Rasputin mysteriously as 'R.' A singularly handsome man, he had a mesmeric power over women, and played upon their weaknesses in such a way that many beautiful women fell completely under his power. He changed his 'queens' with bewildering rapidity, and was always finding new favourites among the fashionable throng that flocked to his salons.

"Rasputin claimed the powers of a great healer. A nobleman's daughter was sick. Rasputin prayed for her and she recovered.

"The family offended Rasputin and he ceased praying, and the daughter immediately had a relapse. Such was the sort of thing one heard.

"He was mixed up with a financial scandal in connection with the selling of Russian roubles in Germany, and was sent away. But he always returned to the capital, and always attracted hordes of followers.

"On one occasion some officers took exception to his conduct in a restaurant, and one of them hit him a violent blow on the head with a mineral water bottle. Rasputin was nursed on that occasion secretly in a hospital for women only. Other hospitals at which he applied refused to have him."

Rasputin is credited with having brought about the prohibition of vodka at the beginning of the war.

Prince Youssoupoff.

Prince Felix Youssoupoff, the slayer of Rasputin, was educated in this country, and is described as one of the most charming of men. He would never hear or speak evil of anyone (writes an intimate friend), nor could he ever see it in his enemies either. He was essentially upright, straight in every respect, adored by women and liked by men.

But, above all, he was very amusing, not always consciously. Once, I remember, he received a formal invitation to dinner from the Marchioness of R——, whom he scarcely knew. He promptly wrote a letter of acceptance, at the end of which he added—"Ta! Ta!" As the lady was neither young nor intimate with him, my seeing the quaint expression must have saved her a severe shock.

Tall and slight, with delightful manners and the possessor of a vast wardrobe, Prince Felix was the terror of flat landlords in London. As soon as he took a flat, his first thought was to utterly transform the interior. He invariably had the walls broken down and all sorts of structural alterations carried out. He indulged this mania to the full, knocking out walls with light-hearted enjoyment. Two flats he took in Curzon Street he quickly converted into one. As the bed protruded two inches too much to suit his taste, he had the wall behind it reduced in thickness! The drawing-room was a creation in black-and-white effects, with orange-coloured cushions, curtains, and shades.

His "Family."

There was a black carpet—he was one of the first to introduce black carpets, by the way. The bedroom scheme was pale blue and grey—French grey furniture. When he had got comfortably settled in Mayfair in these charming quarters, he decided that he must have more room for his birds—he had an assortment of paraquets—and bulldogs, and he decided to take a flat in Knightsbridge, which he did without delay.

Here there was not enough space for a refrigerator, so a wall had to be knocked out to accommodate that!

He took the Knightsbridge flat for "himself and family"—"the family" consisted of paraquets and dogs!

Held Up In Germany.

In 1914, Prince Felix was given his princely title by the Czar, on marrying Princess Irene, daughter of the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia. His father, who was still living, was, however, already a Prince, of semi-Imperial blood, and his mother was also a Princess by birth.

Prince Felix Youssoupoff was spending his honeymoon in London during the season of 1914, just before the outbreak of war. He left town in July for Paris, en route for Italy. When war broke out the Prince and Princess Felix hastily changed their plans, and decided to return to Russia. At the German frontier, he was arrested and detained, but his wife was allowed to join the Empress Marie Feodorovna, who succeeded in getting her safely to Petrograd. After a great deal of difficulty, Prince Felix himself was enabled to leave Germany and return to his native land, where he was attached to a Cossack regiment. His English valet remains interned in Germany to this day. There are few Russians who will deny that the death of Rasputin was very timely.

Mr LYNDON AT LIBERTY.

This scene, which shows Mr Bruce Latimer arriving in the nick of time, is described in next week's instalment.

THE START OF THE STORY.

Neil Lyndon (who narrates the story) makes a daring escape from Dartmoor. Lyndon had been sentenced to death for the murder of Seton Marks, but the sentence has been commuted to penal servitude for life.

George Marwood, Lyndon's partner, had given false evidence that Lyndon had acknowledged his guilt of the murder. Marks and Lyndon had quarrelled about the former's conduct towards

Joyce Aylmer, an art student.

Lyndon enters a house in search of food, where he receives shelter, thanks to

Dr M'Murtrie, a mysterious individual; **Sonia Savaroff**, a remarkably handsome girl, who falls in love with Lyndon; and her father, a foreigner.

Before being sent to prison Lyndon had been experimenting on a powerful new explosive, and his new "friends" erect a workshop for him near Tilbury, where he can complete his invention.

Latimer, a Secret Service man, finds out who Lyndon is, and tells him that he is on the track of three friends of his—M'Murtrie, Hoffmann, and Savaroff—who are intending to sell the secret of the powder to Germany

Sonia visits Lyndon at his hut, and tells him that George Marwood has betrayed his country by selling the secret of the Lyndon-Marwood torpedo. The Germans want the secret of the powder, and she offers to take him to the two men—Secker and Von Brunig—who are in charge of the business. Joyce arrives, and Sonia departs in a rage. "Make the most of him while you've got him," she says to Joyce. "It won't be for long."

That night, fearing that Sonia has betrayed him to the police, Lyndon keeps a sharp lookout over the marsh.

The Police Take Action.

AT about one in the morning I turned in for a couple of hours' rest. I felt that if Sonia had gone straight to the authorities they would have acted before this, while if she was sleeping on her wrath there was no reason I shouldn't do the same. I had given up any expectation of M'Murtrie until the next morning.

I woke at half-past three, and resumed my vigil in the pure cool twilight of early dawn. I watched the sun rise over the river, and gradually climb up into a sky of pale blue and lemon that gave promise of another radiantly fine day. There was scarcely a breath of wind stirring, and everything was deliciously quiet and peaceful.

At eight o'clock, just as I was thinking of routing out something in the nature of breakfast, I saw a little black dot advancing along the Tilbury road, which soon resolved itself into the figure of my faithful Charles.

He struck off across the marsh and came up to the hut, where I was standing at the door waiting for him.

"Two telegrams and a letter for you, sir," he said, producing them from his bag. "They came this morning, sir."

With an assumption of leisurely indifference that I was very far from feeling, I took them out of his hand. The letter was addressed in M'Murtrie's writing, but I put it aside for a moment in favour of the two wires. The first was from Joyce.

"Saw L. late yesterday evening. He will act to-day. Agrees with my suggestion about the Betty if necessary.—J."

I thrust it into my pocket and opened the other.

"A copper come last nite and ask for you. He see Misses O."

For an instant I stared at this cryptic message in bewilderment; then suddenly the recollection of my final instructions to Gertie 'Uggins rushed into my mind

So Sonia had gone to the police, or had at least contrived to send them a message, which served the same purpose. Their visit to Edith Terrace was probably explained by the fact that she had given them both addresses so as better to establish the truth of her story. Anyhow, the murder was out, and with a new and not unpleasant thrill of excitement I crushed up Gertie's wire in my hand and tore open M'Murtrie's letter.

"Dear Mr Nicholson,—I have been away on business, and have only just received your letter, otherwise I should have come to see you this afternoon. In the first place, allow me to congratulate you most heartily on your success, of which personally I was never in any doubt.

"For the moment I have left the Hotel Russell, and am staying with some friends in Sheppey. I shall run up the river in their launch early to-morrow morning, as I believe there is a small creek close to the hut where we can put in.

"Please have a specimen of the powder ready, and if it is possible I should like you to arrange for an actual demonstration, as I shall have a friend with me who is already considerably interested in our little company, and would be prepared to put up further capital if convinced of the merits of your invention.

"You can expect us about high water, between half-past nine and ten.—Your sincere friend, L. J. M'Murtrie."

As I read the signature M'Murtrie's smiling, mask-like face seemed suddenly to rise up in front of me, and all my old instincts of distrust and repulsion came to keep it company. So he was at the bungalow, and in little over an hour he would be here—he and the mysterious friend who was "already considerably interested in our little company." I smiled grimly at the phrase; it was so characteristic of the doctor, though when he wrote it he could little have guessed how thoroughly I should be able to appreciate it.

He was also equally ignorant of the complications introduced into the affair by Sonia. Unless I had been altogether misled by Gertie's message, it was probable that the police were even now on their way to arrest me, just as M'Murtrie's launch was most likely setting out from the little creek under the bungalow. There seemed every prospect of my having a busy and interesting morning.

At this point in my reflections I looked up, and found Charles eyeing me with an air of respectful patience. I took some money out of my pocket, and selecting a ten-shilling piece placed it in his grubby but not unwilling palm.

"You are a most useful boy, Charles," I said, "and you can keep the change as usual."

He pocketed the coin with a gratified stammer.

"You ain't 'ad time to make no fireworks yourself, sir?" he hazarded after a short pause.

"Not yet," I replied, "but it looks as if I should to-day."

He brightened up still further at the news, and, observing that he hoped there would be some letters to bring the next morning, departed on his return journey.

I went back into the hut and shut the door. Now that matters were so rapidly approaching a climax I felt curiously cheerful and light-hearted. I suppose it was a reaction from the strain and hard work of the previous week, but anyhow the thought that in all probability the police were hard on my track didn't seem to worry me in the least. The only point was whether they would reach the hut before M'Murtrie did. I hoped not, for I was looking forward to an interview with the doctor, but it certainly seemed as well to take every precaution

I started by unearthing the box of powder from outside and filling up my flask from it. Then, when I had covered it over again, I collected all the papers which I had not burned on the previous day, and stored them away in my inside pockets. Finally I opened a tinned tongue, and, aided by the dry remains of my last loaf, made a healthy if not very exciting breakfast. I never believe in conducting violent exertions on an empty tummy.

All this time, I need hardly say, I was keeping an uncommonly sharp lookout over the marsh. The most likely way in which anyone who didn't wish to be seen would attempt to approach the hut was along the Tilbury road, and it was towards the last clump of trees, behind which Sonia had left her car the previous day, that I directed my chief attention.

Three-quarters of an hour passed, and I was just beginning to think that M'Murtrie would be the winner after all, when I suddenly caught sight of something dark slinking across the exposed part of the road beyond the plantation. Standing very still, I watched carefully from the window. I have excellent eyesight, and I soon made out that there were three separate figures, all stooping low, and moving with extreme caution towards the shelter of the trees.

A sudden and irresistible desire to laugh seized hold of me; there was something so intensely funny about the strategic pains they were taking, when all the while they might just as well have advanced boldly across the open marsh. Still, it was hardly the time to linger over the comic side of the affair, so, retiring from the window, I threw a last quick glance round the hut to make quite sure that I had left nothing I wanted behind. Then, walking to the door, I opened it and stepped quietly outside.

I decided that it was impossible to reach the sea wall without being seen, so I made no attempt to do so. I just set off in the direction of the creek, strolling along in the easy, unhurried fashion of a man taking a morning constitutional.

I had not gone more than ten yards, when from the corner of my eye I saw three figures break simultaneously out of the plantation. They no longer made any pretence about their purpose. One of them cut straight down towards the hut, a second came running directly after me, while the third started off as rapidly as possible along the road, so as to head me off if I attempted to escape inland.

Any further strategy on my part appeared to be out of place. I grasped the position in one hurried glance, and then, buttoning my coat and ramming down my cap, openly and frankly took to my heels I heard the gentlemen behind shout out something which sounded like a request that I should stop, but I was too occupied to pay much attention The marsh was infested with small drains, and one had to keep one's eyes glued on the ground immediately ahead to avoid coming an unholy purler. That was the only thing I was afraid of, as I was in excellent condition and I have always been a very fair runner.

When I had covered about a couple of hundred yards I looked back over my shoulder. I expected to find that I had widened the gap, but, to my dismay, I discovered that my immediate pursuer had distinctly gained on me. I could just see that he was a tall, active-looking fellow in policeman's uniform, with a long, raking stride that was carrying him over the ground in the most unpleasant fashion. Unless he fell over a drain and broke his silly neck it seemed highly probable that he would arrive at the creek almost as soon as I did.

As I ran I prayed fervently in my heart that Mr Gow had followed my instructions and left the dinghy within easy reach of the water. Otherwise I was in a tight place, for, though I could swim to the Betty all right, it would be impossible to take her out of the creek in a dead calm and with no petrol aboard for the engine. I should be compelled to stand at bay until a breeze got up, repelling boarders with the boat-hook!

Just before I reached the sea wall I looked round a second time. My pursuer was now only about thirty yards distant, but it was evident that his efforts had begun to tell on him. He again shouted out some breathless advice to the effect that it would be "best" for me to surrender, but without waiting to argue the point I scrambled up the bank and cast a hurried, anxious glance round for the dinghy.

Any doubts I might have had about Mr Gow's trustworthiness were instantly dispelled. The boat was lying on the mud only a few yards out of reach of the tide. With a gasp of thankfulness I leaped on to the saltings, and, clearing the distance in about three strides, clutched hold of the gunwale and began to drag it towards the water.

Just as I reached that desirable element the figure of my pursuer appeared above the bank. I gave a last savage wrench, but my foot slipped in the treacherous mud, and I as nearly as possible stumbled to my knees. That final tug, however, had done the trick. The boat was floating, and with a wild effort I scrambled in, and, seizing an oar, shoved off furiously from the shore.

I was only just in time. Jumping from the sea wall, the policeman fairly hurled himself across the intervening space, and without a moment's hesitation plunged into the creek after me. I shortened my oar, and as he made a grab for the stern I suddenly lunged forward with all the force I could command. The blade took him fair and square in the wind, and with a loud observation that sounded like "Ouch!" he sat down abruptly in the water. Before he could recover himself I was ten yards from the shore, sculling vigorously for the centre of the stream.

I made no attempt to reach the Betty. There was still a dead calm, and by going on board I should merely have been shutting myself up in a prison from which there was no escape. My best plan seemed to be to make for the open river, when I might either pick up M'Murtrie and his launch or else row across to the opposite shore.

I accordingly headed for the mouth of the creek, while my pursuer, who by this time had sufficiently recovered to stagger to his feet, waded dismally back to the shore. Here he was joined by his two companions, who had evidently been following the chase with praiseworthy determination.

For a moment I saw them all three consulting together, and then my friend the policeman started hastily throwing off his clothes with the apparent intention of swimming across the river, while the other two came running along the bank after me. They were both in plain clothes, but the unmistakable stamp of a Scotland Yard detective was clearly imprinted on each of them.

They soon caught me up, and, hurrying on ahead, reached the mouth of the creek, while I was still some twenty yards short of it. I was just wondering what on earth they hoped to do, when, looking over my shoulder, I saw one of them scramble up the sea wall and begin to shout and wave his arms as if he had suddenly gone mad.

A few savage pulls brought me up level, and then, turning in my seat, I discovered the cause of his excitement. Some way out in the stream was a small coastguard cutter with three men on board, two of whom were at the oars. They had evidently grasped that there was something seriously the matter, for they had brought their boat round, and were already heading in towards the shore.

My position began to look a trifle unhealthy. I was out of practice for sculling, and if the coastguards chose to interfere it was obviously only a question of a few minutes before they would succeed in rowing me down. For a moment I had some idea of going ashore on the opposite bank and again trusting to my heels. Then I saw that my friend the policeman, who could apparently swim as well as he could run, was already half-way across the creek, and would be on my track long before I could get the necessary start. On the whole, it seemed best to stick to the water, so, digging in my sculls, I pulled out into the main stream.

As I rounded the sea wall I could hear the man who was standing on top bawling out my name to the coastguards, and hurling them frantic injunctions to cut me off. I cast one swift glance up and down the river, and as I did so I nearly gave a shout of excitement. A couple of hundred yards away, but coming up at a tremendous pace, was a large white petrol launch, which I recognised immediately as the one that had swamped Mr Gow.

Whether the coastguards saw her too I really can't say. I doubt if they did, for by this time they had evidently realised who I was, and their whole attention was fixed on preventing my escape They were rowing towards me with tremendous energy, the officer in charge half-standing up in the stern and encouraging them to still fiercer efforts.

Putting every ounce I could into my stroke, I set off down stream. It was just a question as to whether I could clear them, and I doubt if any winner of the Diamond Sculls could have shoved that dinghy along much faster than I did for the next few seconds. Nearer and nearer we drew to each other, and for one instant I thought that I had done the trick. Then from the corner of my eye I saw the cutter fairly leap forward through the water, and the next moment, with a jolt that almost flung me out of the seat, she bumped alongside.

Dropping his oar, one of the men leaned over and grabbed hold of my gunwale.

"No go, Mister," he panted breathlessly. "You got to come along with us."

The words had hardly left his lips when, with a wild shout, the officer in charge leaped to his feet.

"Look out, there!" he yelled. "Port, you fools! Port your helm!"

I swung round and got a momentary glimpse of a sharp white prow, with a great fan of water curling away each side of it, and then, before I could move, there came a jarring, grinding crash, mixed with a fierce volley of shouts and oaths.

In the Nick of Time.

My impressions of what happened next are a trifle involved. Something hit me violently in the side, almost knocking me silly, while at the same moment the boat seemed to disappear from beneath me, and I was flying head first into the water. I struck out instinctively as I fell, and came to the surface almost at once. I just remember a blurred vision of floating wreckage, with something white rising up in front of me. Then a rope came hurtling through the air and caught me full in the face. I clutched at it wildly, and the next thing I knew I was being dragged through the water and hauled in over the side of the launch.

It was all over so quickly that for a moment I scarcely realised what had happened. I just lay where I was, gasping for breath and spitting out a large mouthful of the Thames which I had unintentionally appropriated. Above the throbbing of the engine and the swish of the screw I could still hear a confused medley of shouts and curses.

With an effort I sat up and looked about me. We had already changed our course, and were swinging round in a half circle, preparatory to heading back downstream. The smashed remains of the two boats were bobbing about behind us, and in the midst of them I could make out the figures of the coastguards, clinging affectionately to various bits of wreckage.

Besides myself there were three other men in the launch. Dr M'Murtrie was sitting on the seat just opposite, pouring out the contents of a flask into a small metal cup. Against the cabin door leaned Savaroff, eyeing me with his usual expression of hostile mistrust. The third passenger was the man with the auburn beard, whom I had seen in the launch on the day I picked up Mr Gow. He was busy with the tiller, and for the moment was paying scant attention to any of us.

M'Murtrie got up with the cup in his hand, and came across to where I was sitting

"Drink this," he said.

"This" proved to be some excellent old brandy, which I tossed off with no little gratitude. It was exactly what I wanted to pull me together.

"Are you hurt?" he asked.

I felt myself carefully before replying, "I'm all right now," I said. "I got rather a crack in the ribs, but I don't think anything's gone."

"We seem to have arrived just in time to prevent your arrest," he said quietly. "Perhaps you will be good enough to explain what has happened? At present we are rather in the dark."

He spoke with his usual suavity, but there was a veiled menace in his voice which it was impossible to overlook. Savaroff scowled at me more truculently than ever. It was obvious that both of them were entirely ignorant of Sonia's part in the affair, and suspected me of some extraordinary bit of clumsiness. I prepared myself for some heavy lying.

"I know precious little more about it than you do," I said coolly. "I was getting things ready for you this morning, when I happened to look out of the window, and saw three men crawling towards the hut on their hands and knees. As one of them was wearing a policeman's uniform, I thought I had better cut and run. Well, I cut and ran. I made for the creek because I thought you might be there. You weren't; but there was a dinghy on the shore, which I suppose belonged to a small yacht that was anchored out in the channel. Anyhow I took the liberty of borrowing it. I meant to row out into the river and try and pick you up before they could get hold of a boat and follow me. If it hadn't been for these infernal coastguards I'd have managed it all right. I don't think they really had anything to do with the business, but they just happened to be passing, and, of course, when the police shouted to them they cut in at once." I paused. "And that's the whole story," I finished, "as far as I know anything about it"

They had all three listened to me with eager attention. Even the man with the auburn beard had kept on looking away from his steering to favour me with quick glances out of his hard blue eyes. I think I came through the combined scrutiny with some credit.

M'Murtrie was the first to break the ensuing silence.

"Have you any idea how you have betrayed yourself? You can speak quite freely. Our friend, Mr von Brünig, knows the position."

I thought it best to take the offensive. "I haven't betrayed myself," I said angrily. "Somebody must have done it for me. I've not left the hut since I came down, except for an occasional breath of air."

"But earlier—when you were in London?" he persisted.

I shook my head. "I have been down here a week. You don't imagine the police would have waited as long as that."

I knew I was putting them in a difficulty, for by this time they must be all aware that Latimer was still on their track, and it was obviously conceivable that my attempted arrest might be due in some way to my connection with them; anyhow, I saw that even Savaroff was beginning to regard me a shade less suspiciously.

"Have you brought any of the powder with you?" asked M'Murtrie.

It struck me instantly that if I said yes I should be putting myself absolutely in their power.

"I hadn't time to get any," I answered regretfully. "I had buried it outside the hut, and they came on me so suddenly there was no chance of digging it up. Now I have once done it, however, I can make some more very quickly."

It was the flattest lie I have ever told; but I managed to get it off with surprising ease. It is astonishing what rapid strides one can make in the art of perjury with a very little practice.

Lyndon is in the hands of desperate men. How will he manage to get out of their power? Don't miss next week's instalment.

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ALL THE LATEST SUCCESSES

TAKE ME BACK TO DEAR OLD BLIGHTY
Back Home in Tennessee
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In Other Words
Travel on the Sunshine Line
You've Got To Put Up With It Now
It's a Long, Long Way to My Home in Kentucky
SOME NIGHT, SOME WALTZ, SOME GIRL
The Only Girl in the World
When the Kiltie Lads Come Home
You've Got To Do It
Floating Down the Old Clyde River
The Tanks That Broke The Ranks
ARE YOU FROM DIXIE?
We Don't Want a Lot of Flags A-Flying
The End Of A Beautiful Day
My Heart Is Calling You
When I Leave the World Behind
MOTHERLAND
My Mother's Rosary
Every Morn You'll Hear Them Say Goodnight Again
YAAKA HULA, HICKY DULA
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WITH THE WEEKLY NEWS

On Sale Fri., Jan. 12, 1d.

PERSONAL GOSSIP FROM THEATRES AND MUSIC HALLS

The Glasgow Alhambra are good at in- new top-liners, and they have scored in engaging Mark Ham- the eminent pianist, for their hall week.

Where do they get all the funny titles reviews? Last week at the Glasgow we had one entitled "The Very and now next week's board shows Come In, Miss"!

The comedians in "Sinbad the Sailor" at Glasgow Royal have made good. Yet Clear first and only previous visit to Jackley and Le Sine figured very in the music-hall bill.

Jack Shires, who appears in "Odds On," a fine breezy style, and is gaining popu- every week. His father was Wallace a comedy, a onetime popular figure on the stage.

Lancashire comedians are becoming very in Dundee. Last week Morny had a big reception at the King's, and is followed by Jack Shires, who is in the musical burlesque "Odds On." Jack, drop- a line to me, says he has a strong lik- for Tayside, and he is looking forward a good week.

It must be some years since I saw the sters Sprightly first—there were three of em then—and here they are as sprightly ever, at least the two that are left, at head of the "All Women" revue. hey are the principal funmakers in the ne which were previously taken by Beatty d Babs.

Archie Glen, who is making a big hit in Cinderella" at the King's, Edinburgh, Buttons, is another of Karno's Boys who ve come to the front. He is, of course, nother of Morny Cash. Like his brother, was keen in early life to get on the ge, and at fourteen he took the law in own hands, left school, and joined a errot show.

Miss Christina Roy, who has left "The ssing Show," and is now with "All omen," had a narrow escape of being on oard the Lusitania when she was sunk. he was in America, and left a fortnight efore the Lusitania sailed, to find on her eturn to England she had been cabled to lay travelling for two weeks. Luckily e sailed before the cable reached her ddress.

I hear that Jack Lane, the Yorkshire stic, has been having a great time in the antomime, "Little Boy Blue," at Aber- en, and that he is expecting another plea- nt visit to Dundee, opening on Tuesday. ck is very happy in his part, and takes ll advantage of the scope given him. Per- nally I am always very anxious to hear r Lane's pianoforte playing.

Edinburgh is to be honoured with the ly visit the Beecham Opera Company is pay to Scotland this season. Early in arch the company opens for a month at e King's Theatre. During the season not s than sixteen different operas will be ayed. The company will be under the rection of the knight conductor himself, d he is bringing with him to the capital, addition to the full complement of ar- es on the vocal and dramatic side, his ture London orchestra.

Although Fred Kitchen has been seen in ny roles in Edinburgh I don't think he s so far played pantomime there. He is be in the role of Dan Crusoe at the Em- re next week in a production which has en specially written round him for Harry rns' annual production. For Fred, how- er, pantomime should be a hereditary t. His father was one of the greatest lequins of his day, and played the part the great delight of Royal personages these far-off times when the Harle- nade was one of the features of the stmas show.

Fritz is not the only man who has a dge against the inventor of the "tanka." k the poor panto. property man. And specifications to work from either. ertheless an excellent representation, of pictures at least, is causing great fun in Red Riding Hood" at the Edinburgh yal, and with the aid of the electrician a wonderful example of the inventive nius that we have amongst our theatrical dy men. Electrical novelties are well the fore in this pantomime. Chief for and novelty amongst these is a weird d wonderful chicken which, beautifully luminated, struts the stage laying eggs, ich are hatched on the spot into lively le chicks.

Miss Maudie Francis, who is making a nty Red Riding Hood at the Royal, has ther a partiality for this panto. subject, e made her debut in it when she was six, th J. J. Dallas and Billie Barlow in the t. Her father is a well-known London nager, and her sister, who is only seven- n, is also playing girl in a Howard & yndham panto, which, I understand, nes to Dundee shortly. Maudie has e good work since her first panto, and s seen in Glasgow some years ago as nny Tucker, with Fred Kitchen and May are. She has also played Cicely Court- dge's part in Princess Caprice, and was revue with Jay Laurier.

Archie Glen tells me that when in New aland, doing one-night stands, they ruck the town of Marowa. They were t about to open the doors, when a fire oke out in a bungalow up the street. hen the fire engine, in the shape of a nd pump drawn by two men, appeared arcering" up the street the crowd for- t all about the concert, and followed the gine, with the result they played to about people. Next day the local sheet re- arked that they believed Archie Glen ght have been funny if there had been ybody there to be funny to. Archie the joke of the par, if the editor didn't, d wrote him congratulating him on his mour, adding that he freely admitted he not so funny as their fire brigade od, eh?

Fred Duprez purposes having a holiday in America at the conclusion of the present run of "Mr Manhattan."

J. H. Wakefield, who figures in "Little Boy Blue" at Her Majesty's, Dundee, is one of the finest dancers on the stage, and he gets a fine swing out of the popular "rags."

Little Tich, who is at the Theatre Royal panto., Glasgow, has not been seen in pantomime in that city since December, 1885, when he appeared at the Royal Princess' in Mr H. Cecil Beryl's "Robinson Crusoe" production. Miss Maggie Duggan was the Crusoe of the cast, and Little Tich was an attendant on the black King of Kickapoo, his part being named Chillingo-wullabaderie—a bit of a jaw-breaker!

(1) Miss Winnie Veit, principal girl in "Sinbad the Sailor" at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow; (2) Miss Pearl Grey and Miss Gladys Nelson, principal boy and girl in "Little Boy Blue" at Her Majesty's, Dundee; (3) Archie Glen, in "Cinderella" at the King's, Edinburgh; (4) The Sisters Sprightly in "All Women" at the Empire, Glasgow; (5) Miss Dorothy Shale as "Sylvia Dale" in "High Jinks" at the King's Theatre, Glasgow; (6) Jack Shires in "Odds On" at the King's Theatre, Dundee.

Chatting not long ago with the Keystones, the comedy cyclists, they told me that they had a curious experience when they first opened their show in New York. They got a great reception, but it only came from the circle. This was the explanation. At the start of the show a girl sat down in the very front row of the circle, and she had on a very large picture hat. When the first act was on someone behind asked her to remove her hat, but she wasn't having any. Then by the time the second act was through at least three others asked her to be good enough to remove same, as she was obstructing the view of the stage to those sitting behind her, but she took no notice. Then, as a last resource, someone asked the attendant to see that the lady removed her hat. This attendant accomplished the wonderful feat of making her take off that hat, and at that moment, as she was removing her hat, the people behind her gave a round of applause, and at the same moment we made our appearance on the stage.

"All Women," the revue which is run by ladies, from the lady stage manager at the back of the house to the lady advance representative, is still on the road, a tribute surely to the abilities of the fair sex. It is back at the Glasgow Empire next week.

Denis Cleugh, who was Mr Nat Goodwin's leading man in the States, and who had great success as stage manager of the Yale Pageant, returned to England recently in order to join the Inns of Court O.T.C.

Harry Lauder has received hundreds of messages of sympathy on the death of his son. Queen Alexandra, the Prime Minister, the Earl of Derby, and many other distinguished persons have expressed their condolences.

Jack Straw is still engaged at the Alhambra, where he has been understudying George Robey for many weeks past.

Bay Russell is a rare singer. He is now appearing in "Odds On." By the way, he is a clever composer. I expect great things from his pen.

Evelyn O'Connor (of Jack and Evelyn, great favourites in Scotland) has just been wedded to Bernard Francis Hale, a pilot instructor at Hendon Flying School.

Nora Delany, the girl in the uniforms, has been writing her views on interviews. Of course, she says, everybody asks you for beauty hints. Once an enormous gentleman with a hemispheric corporation came to interrogate me. "And can you tell me, Miss Delany," he asked, "how to be beautiful?" "Do I need to?" I answered, with my sweetest smile.

A birthday of New Year week was that of Adeline Billington, the widow of John Billington. Justly proud of being regarded as the mother of the stage, Mrs Billington is in wonderful health, although her birthday dates from January 4, 1825. Long associated with the melodramas of half a century ago, and in more recent times with Miss Mary Anderson, Mrs Billington devoted the early years of her retirement from public life to teaching for the stage.

LAVISH LONDON REVUE AND SCOTTISH CONCERTS.

A CONTRAST—By MACKENZIE MURDOCH.

IT may be of interest to your readers to have my views on the great difference of modern revue as compared with the old concert days when Harry Lauder and myself used to "star."

I am at present in the greatest and most expensive revue ever produced in London. "Three Cheers" has a salary list which I don't suppose the ordinary playgoer would credit. Just imagine Harry Lauder, Ethel Levey (the greatest revue lady in London), Jack Edge, Blanche Tomlin, Walter Williams, Mackenzie Murdoch, and other ten lesser lights, to say nothing of Fred Leslie and Ivy Shilling, the great dancers, and sixty of a chorus. Even I—a professional—gasp when I try to calculate what it must amount to.

Leaving that problem aside, I should like to say that this revue business is the QUICKEST business I have ever known. When—at rehearsal—I was asked how long I would like to play I said, "Well, say twelve or fifteen minutes," the producer nearly dropped dead. He asked me to remember that there were other people on the bill, and that I would be lucky if I got five minutes.

I protested that I couldn't do anything in five minutes. He told me that I was talking pure rot, and declared that he—that very day—had seen a motor driver kill a woman in one second.

Then he told me that as the revue was arranged I was to come on as a violinist in a high-class "cabaret" (grill or eating-house with music) and play a solo. He asked me to play him some solos, so that he could select one suitable. I played several; none seemed to suit. He wanted something passionate, with rag-time effects and plenty of showman business.

He advised me to go to a grillroom and hear the violinist, and copy him. I did as he advised, and heard—in Piccadilly—a grill-room band play. The band consisted of four violins, a piano, a 'cello, and bass. They were all seated except the leader, who stood up and waved his head as he played, till I thought he would knock his "jimmy" off. And what a row they made! Each tried to play louder than the other in a common type of waltz. At one part the pianist went "mad." The 'cello player stood on his hind legs and lashed his poor 'cello, while the bass player hung over the ribs of his "dog" and did a sort of balancing act with it. One of the fiddlers—a long, foreign-looking, skinny boy—had one leg wed below his chair, while the other was hanging over the end of the platform among the diners.

The leader stood up and played as high up on the finger-board as he could get.

What an unearthly din, and yet it was sort of pleasant to eat to.

And this was what I was to imitate. I resented. I said I would sooner "quit" than do it, and eventually I was allowed to play a very short Scottish solo, which, I am glad to say, is fairly knocking the West End people. But how fast they run the show!

I get a cue when to go on, and on I go with a rush. The instant I am finished is the cue for the next fellow to rush on. What a difference from the old, slow concert days, where I have had a cup of tea and a sandwich (at the committee's request) between my solo and my encore, while the poor, quiet audience patiently awaited my return.

The old concert days were like a funeral, while the modern revue is like a whippet race. But, as I say, I have fallen into the quick business, and I am making a great hit.

I hope we come to Scotland with it, for I am sure that this super-revue will be an eye-opener to all. The scenery, the music, the actors, in fact, everything, is "thumbs up."

MACKENZIE MURDOCH.

Mackenzie Murdoch.

"Odds On," which has been going "some" at the Glasgow Coliseum, and which comes to the King's, Dundee, carries a good all-round cast. Gwen Clifford, who shares largely in the funmaking, used to be in "The Arcadians" and "The Pearl Girl," where she sustained the Connie Ediss type of character.

COLISEUM, GLASGOW
6.55—TWICE NIGHTLY—9.
SAM HARRIS Presents the Great Comedy Sketch.
"THE BOX-FIGHTER."
MOONEY AND HOLBEIN. SIX BANOLAS.
JOHNSON CLARKE. JIM NOLAN.
JACK LORIMER.
Box Office, 11 to 4—5 to 9.30 p.m.
'Phones—South 230, Central 1501.
War Official Salonica Film.
THURS., FRI., SAT., 11th, 12th, 13th Jan.
"A PAGE FROM LIFE"
Dramal.
EDDIE LYONS and LEE MORGAN in
"A SILLY SULTAN."
Nestor Comedy
"READY FOR THE ENEMY,"
War Official Salonica Film.

EMPIRE, GLASGOW
6.45—TWICE NIGHTLY—9.0.
FRED KARNO Presents
The Greatest Novelty Revue of the Day.
ALL WOMEN.
A Company Composed Entirely of Ladies, including
SISTERS SPRIGHTLY. BETTY BALFOUR.
CHRISTINE ROY. FLORENCE SMITHERS.
&c.
MATINEE TUESDAY, 2.30.
Box Office, 10.30 to 5.30 and 6.30 to 9.30.
'Phone 3731 Douglas.

LA SCALA, GLASGOW
MON., TUES., WED. 8th, 9th, 10th Jan.
TULLY MARSHALL in
"THE YELLOW FANG."
A Drama of Oriental Revenge.
CHARLIE CHAPLIN in
"THE FATAL LANTERN."
"READY FOR THE ENEMY."

THEATRE ROYAL, GLASGOW.
NIGHTLY, at 7.
MATINEES, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.
HOWARD & WYNDHAM'S
THIRTIETH "ROYAL." PANTOMIME
SINBAD THE SAILOR.
ALL-STAR CAST, including
LITTLE TICH.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, DUNDEE.
TUESDAY, Jan. 9, at 7 o'clock.
SAT. MAT. at 2 o'clock.
THE SPECTACULAR AND FUNNY PANTOMIME.
"BOY BLUE."
Strong London Cast.
Box Office Open. 'Phone 1919.

KING'S THEATRE, DUNDEE.
TWICE NIGHTLY, at 6.45 and 8.45.
ANOTHER BIG ATTRACTION.
MONDAY, Jan. 8th, 1917.
Mr WALTER BENTLEY Presents a New Musical Burlesque.
"ODDS ON,"
from the Oxford, London. First-Class Company.
Full Chorus of 30 Voices.
Special Scenery. Latest Gowns.
Box Office Open 10 to 4, 6.15 to 10. 'Phone 1930.

LA SCALA, DUNDEE.
'PHONE 384. 30 MURRAYGATE. DUNDEE.
SHOWING ALL THE WEEK.
The Very Latest and Best Mutual-Chaplin Comedy.
"THE COUNT."
MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, 8th, 9th, 10th January.
VALENTINE GRANT
IN
"THE INNOCENT LIE."
THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, 11th, 12th 13th January.
"FIGHTING BLOOD,"
Featuring
WILLIAM FARNUM.
DR. DORSEY SERIES—
MONDAY—CEYLON Part 3.
THURSDAY—JAPAN, Part 3.
Also, SALONIKA FILM.
"READY FOR THE ENEMY."
CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE 2.30 to 10.15.
7d and 1s 2d. Boxes 5s 8d and 8s 4d.
FOOTNOTE:—New Railway Regulations—Patrons are respectfully requested to note that the Theatre is entirely dependent on the Railways for the prompt delivery of Films. Every endeavour will be made to keep faith, but in the event of Subjects not arriving in time the sympathetic attitude of our Patrons is craved. In any case, a full programme will always be shown.

ELECTRIC THEATRE, NETHERGATE, DUNDEE.
Manager, ... T. PENNYCOOK.
CONTINUOUS—2.30 to 10.30.
SHOWING MON., TUES., AND WED.,
"DESERT HONEYMOON."
Gaumont Photo Play with All-Star Cast, in 4 Powerful Reels.
SHOWING THUR. FRI., AND SAT.,
"SHADOWS FROM THE PAST."
Society Masterpiece, in 4 Reels.

PALACE PLAYHOUSE,
7—TWICE NIGHTLY—9.
Seats Booked at Theatre from 10-4 and 6.30-10.
'Phone 2558.
NEXT WEEK—
The Scottish Revue Syndicate Presents
"IT'S A NICE DAY!"
Cast includes LINDSAY and HARTE.
Varieties by VALDAN & ASSISTANT, Comedy Jugglers; THE PALACESCOPE; BUCHANAN & SCOTT, Comedy Musical Speciality.

SHAND'S PICTURE HOUSE,
SHEPHERD'S LOAN, DUNDEE.
MON., TUES., and WED.—
HENRY AINLEY in
"THE GREAT ADVENTURE."
Also, Great CHAPLIN REVUE in 3 Reels,
"CHARLIE'S HARD LUCK."
THURSDAY—LOUISE LOVELY in
"TANGLED HEARTS."
Bluebird Photoplay.

BRITAIN'S NEW WAR LOAN.

CONVERSION OF EXISTING LOAN HOLDINGS.

London, Saturday.

The Press Association learns from an authoritative source that the terms of the new War Loan will be so arranged that it will be possible for all classes of the community to contribute, from the financial magnate to the humble peasant and cottager.

This will, no doubt, involve the utilisation of the Post Office machinery on a very large scale.

In the City it is felt that the success of the new Loan is already beyond all doubt, and it is quite certain that the still untapped financial resources of the country will be more than adequate to meet the strain, and that a sufficient sum will be obtained towards the carrying on of the war to a successful conclusion.

Compulsory Loan Suggestion.

Any suggestion of a compulsory loan at the present stage is, therefore, said to be premature.

In regard to the question of converting the existing War Loans into the new Loan, this will be carried into effect without the present holders of War Loan being compelled to purchase new Loan as a condition of converting the old.

At the same time, the public must be impressed with the fact that the mere conversion of the old Loan on these lines will not bring new capital into the Treasury, and it is, of course, new capital that is needed. On this occasion all the leading life and fire insurance offices will be invited to contribute a certain portion of their funds and this somewhat complicated arrangement will be carried out by co-operation with the leading banks. Leading financial houses will likewise co-operate in the gigantic effort to secure for this country an adequate sum to help to win the war.

STOCK EXCHANGE NOTES.

"VICTORY" WAR LOAN ALREADY AN ASSURED SUCCESS.

(SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED TO THE "POST SUNDAY SPECIAL.")

London, Saturday Night.

THE New Year has been ushered in on the Stock Exchange under distinctly favourable conditions, and the best encouragement which can be given to the Government for a go-ahead policy in national finance, as well as in the prosecution of the war, is the fact that the approach of the new War Loan, which, according to present indications, may be expected about the middle of next week, is the firmness, indeed strength, which has developed in most sections of the Investment department.

If certain signs go for anything the new issue will be such as to appeal to everyone who can, and should, spare something for what might be called the "Victory" Loan. Consequently the same is already an assured success. The Loan is also expected to bring in a lot of money from abroad, especially from America, in its tax-free form.

EFFECT ON EXISTING MARKETS.

The first effect of the new Loan developments was a sharp rise in the Four-and-a-Half Per Cent. War Loan to 99, from which there has subsequently been some reaction to about 98. This stock is convertible at par into the new security, and should, therefore, really be quoted at 100 or thereabouts. The Three-and-a-Half Per Cent. stock, however, hangs fire at 85½, as there are no indications yet of any conversion privileges attaching thereto. Holders, however, can take comfort from the fact that the stock is redeemable in 1925-28 at par, so that whatever happens the quotation must rise to 100 as the period of redemption draws nearer.

Generally Gilt-Edged Securities have shown a good tone, and with the consolidation of a large number of stocks resulting from the new War Loan the market should be greatly clarified, while the establishment of a substantial sinking fund will also have the effect of preventing any fall in quotation of the new security, and adversely affecting other stocks in sympathy. Thus holders of every type of investment security are justified in looking forward to brighter times in the future, and especially after the closing of the new War Loan subscription-list.

REFLECTIONS ON RUBBERS—EXCESS PROFITS DUTY EFFECT.

The usual experience of the Rubber share market is to start the New Year with a display of strength. This, however, has hardly been the case this time, apart from the persistent demand which has been experienced for shares of the type of Selabas.

The reason is chiefly that the market is beginning to reflect upon the unduly harsh manner in which the excess profits duty is affecting the profits of numerous Companies. The Pelmadulla and various other Companies have already had to pass interim dividends, and now the Bukit Mertajam has found it necessary to halve its interim dividend, at 5 per cent., with the result that these shares have come down with a run to about 4s 10½d, and other shares of the same class have suffered in sympathy.

The lesson to be drawn from the present position is that those Companies are faring best which distributed bumper dividends for the boom period, and which now practically escape the payment of excess profits duty. During the past year there has been a considerable increase in the output of rubber, while the average price for 1916 shows up very well as compared with that for 1915, so that there is a reasonable expectation of higher dividends being forthcoming in many instances, with a corresponding increase upon the already comparatively high level of yields.

A RETROSPECT OF THE OIL MARKET.

It is worth while at the present juncture to take a retrospect of the Oil market; in other words, to endeavour to glean from past events some idea as to the future course of the leading shares.

The most important fall during the year 1916 occurred in Roumanian Consolidated, which, for obvious reasons, came down from 19s 9d to 6s 6d, while the present quotation is about 9s. Shell Transports have been 5 11-16 and 4 9-16, now 5 9-32 ex-div; whilst the present quotation of Spies is 14s, as compared with the highest last year of 16s 6d, and the lowest of 12s. Some of the purely Russian shares are even now at about their lowest points, notably Ural Caspian, at 1½, as compared with the top price last year of 38s 6d; but North Caucasian are over 25s, as compared with the two extremes last year of 30s 4½d and 20s 1½d. The best showing has been made by Lobitos and Mexican Eagles, which are quoted at 43s and 41s 9d ex-div. respectively.

The depreciation has thus been greatest in the Russian group, and it is reasonable to anticipate that the scope for improvement will be greatest in these after the war, although it will probably take some time for the Russian Exchange to become more normal, and for the various Companies operating in Russia to benefit to a corresponding extent.

KAFFIR MARKET IRREGULAR.

Kaffir shares were easier in places, although there were some outstanding features, notably Nourse Mines, which firmed up on the favourable statements made by Mr S. B. Joel, when presiding over the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company's meeting.

The Modder Group generally remain firm, New Modderfontein being well supported, while Modder Deep were in considerable demand. Randfonteins were not quite so active, but Government Areas were a strong market. On the other hand, some of the Far Easterns, such as Daggafontein, East Rand Props., Randfontein Deep, and a few others were easier.

YESTERDAY'S PRICES.

(By "Post" Special Wire.)

The following are the quotations in stocks and shares in which there was a movement:—

BONDS.

Irish Land	52	½	War Loan 3½	85½	6

HOME RAILWAYS.

Caley Def	9¼	½	Brighton Def	80½	1½
Gt Central Pf	15	½	Do Def	67½	½
Do Def	7½	8	Met Cons	25½	½
L.-N.-W.	98¼	¾	Midland Def	59¼	¾

AMERICANS.

Atchison	111	½	N.Y. Central	*107	8
Baltimore	87½	8	N.Y. Ontario	30½	¾
Chicago Mil	94½	5½	Reading	*105¼	¾
Denver	18¾	9¼	South Pacific	102	3
Do Pref	40	41	Southern Ord	33	½
Erie	35½	6½	Unions	152¼	½
Illinois Cent	109	10	Steel	119¾	20¼

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL RAILWAYS.

Antofagasta	123½	5½	Leopoldina	34	5
Buenos	43½	4½	Mex 1st Pref	52	4
Can Pacific	170	1	Nat Mex 4 p.c.	16	8

RUBBER MARKET.

Batu Caves	14½		Jugra Land	2	9-16
Bukit Rajah	9½		Nordanal Johore		24/9
Cicely Ord	22/-		Sungei Salak	3	7-16

DIAMONDS.

New Jagers Def	4½				

EXPLORATION AND LAND, &c.

S.A. Gold Trust	19/-				

RHODESIAN.

Zambesia Exploring	18/-				

GOLD OUTPUTS.

City and Subur	1 15-16		May Consolidated		14/6
Consol Main Reef	17/9		Randfontein Est		16/3
Daggafontein	Gold 14/-		Wolhuter		9/9

DEEP LEVELS.

Knight Central	10/9		Modder Leases		54/-

WEST AUSTRALIAN MARKET LIST.

G Boulder Persever	11½		Lake View & Oroya		10/-
Ida H. Gold	1/-		Oroya Links		8½

AUSTRALIAN.

Broken Hill, B'k	14	4/6	Zinc Corporation		14/9
Do Pref		4/6			

* Ex Div.

HOW A NOTED ARTIST'S MODEL REDUCED HER WEIGHT 36 POUNDS IN FIVE WEEKS

After Having to Give up her Calling Owing to Excessive Fat, she Discovered a Harmless Drugless Method which Gave Back to Her the Figure that Made Her Famous. OFFERS INTERESTING BOOK FREE WHICH TELLS HOW ANYONE CAN EASILY REDUCE THEMSELVES BY THIS METHOD IN THEIR OWN HOME WITHOUT THE KNOWLEDGE OF ANYONE.

DOUBLE CHIN & FAT HIPS GO QUICKLY.
Over 25,000 Women have Reduced their Weight by her Method.
ISN'T THIS CONVINCING PROOF OF THE VALUE OF HER GREAT DISCOVERY?

You too can reduce yourself even more than this by the same process if you so desire. No drugs! No Starvation Diet! No tiresome exercises.

Miss Winifred Grace Hartland, the famous artist's model, is again the proud possessor of the ideal figure which made her so popular a model with artists and sculptors the world over.

A year ago she had become so fleshy that she was forced to give up posing. Friends persuaded her to try various fat cures, which she did, but without success. At last, when nearly at the point of despair, she took the task of removing her fat upon her own self, and after months of trials and repeated failures she eventually discovered a way that reduced her weight at the rate of a pound per day, without the use of drugs, starvation diet, tiresome exercises, or other outlandish methods which are often tried, but which invariably prove useless.

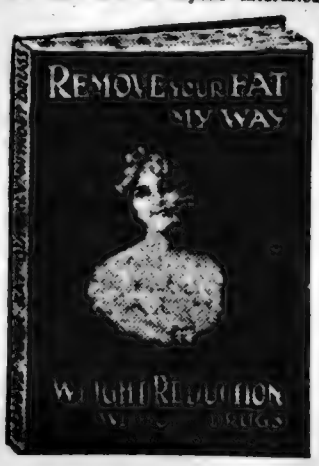
It is no trouble, no bother; yet it seems to work like magic. It strengthens the heart, enabling easy breathing, relieves that stuffy feeling, and reduces double chin, large stomach, and fat hips quickly and safely. In fact, the general health is improved right from the start. Many of Miss Hartland's customers look from 10 to 15 years younger since they have taken their treatment.

Her method is so simple and harmless that it is a wonder someone had not thought of applying this means long ago. Several of her friends have tried this process with the same astonishing results, and there seems to be no question but that she has hit upon the only safe and sane way ever discovered for over-stout people for removing their excessive fat.

She has most reluctantly yielded to the persuasion of her enthusiastic friends to publish a book showing the means she employed to reduce herself to such beautiful proportions, after losing the shapeliness of her figure through superfluous fat.

The first copies of this interesting book are just off the press, and are certainly a work of art. The book is written in extremely fascinating style, and contains some very fine illustrations of this famous model. It is wonderfully instructive, and there is no doubt but that it will prove of great benefit to the over-stout.

Miss Hartland, who has considerable means, has kindly consented to send a copy of her book free to anyone interested in



Illustrated Book which Explains Her Method Now Offered Free for the First Time. Send for Copy To-Day.

her discovery. All she asks is that two 1d stamps be enclosed for postage. Simply state that you would like a copy of her book, "Weight Reduction Without Drugs," and address your letter to Miss Winifred Grace Hartland (Dept. 105), Diamond House, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

When Meat-eating is harmful.

EATING meat two or three times a day will do harm if you don't get regular exercise, for meat makes uric acid, and uric acid makes kidney trouble, rheumatism and nervous diseases.

That's why so many who work indoors are bothered with backache, strange pains, dizzy spells, and urinary disorders, and keep getting thinner, more nervous and more discouraged.

For overworked or worn out kidneys use Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. They give the kidneys new strength to get rid of uric poisons. Help the kidneys and the medicine, too, by eating less, avoiding overwork and worry, and getting more exercise and sleep. Then the benefit will last.

The lasting benefits that Doan's Pills have brought to Glasgow are vouched for week by week in this paper by Glasgow men and women. What better evidence could be had than that of your own neighbour?

GLASGOW CASE

On March 5, 1909, Mr W. Birrell, of 37 Flemington Street, Springburn, Glasgow, said:—"About half-an-hour after I started work one morning I was seized with fierce, stabbing pains in the loins and back. When I attempted to straighten myself it felt as if a dagger were striking through my back. I had to crawl upstairs on my hands and knees. The water contained a heavy gritty sediment, and caused acute pains in passing. The doctor who attended me said I had stone in the bladder. I was in despair when I tried Doan's backache kidney pills. Day by day the water became clearer, and as I persevered with Doan's pills I gradually became free from the terrible pains in my back, and it was not long before I returned to my work—well.

(Signed) "W. BIRRELL.

On July 24, 1916—over seven years later—Mr Birrell said:—"My cure by Doan's pills has lasted over seven years and I still keep in excellent health."

Send for Free Book on "Moderation, Cheerfulness, and Other Long Life Laws."

Be Sure you ask for DOAN'S, and Get DOAN'S —the Pills Mr. Birrell had.

All Dealers, or 2/9 a box from Foster-McClellan Co., 8 Wells St., Oxford St., London, W.

DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills.

"THE PROVIDENTIAL DISCOVERY THAT HAS NEVER FAILED."

COUGH-RACKED POOR SUFFERERS ARE MR HOME-NEWCOMBE'S FIRST CONCERN.

LUNG CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH.

Whooping Cough, Children's Cough.

"THE DISEASES THAT BAFFLE THE DOCTORS."

Marvellous "Liq-u-fruta" for—

—Chronic Asthma even of 20 years' standing.	
—Terrible Racking Bronchitis.	
—Lung Trouble when Sanatoria and Medical Treatment had failed.	
—Bleed Spitting	—Lung Hemorrhage
—Tearing Coughs	—Whooping Cough
—Bronchial Catarrh	—Quinsy
—Pneumonia	—Croup
—Laryngitis	—Nasal Catarrh
—Night Sweats	—Loss of Flesh
—Influenza	—Racking Cough
—Difficult Breathing	—Choking Phlegm
—Sore Throat	—Emphysema

OVER 1,000,000 PRAISE "LIQ-U-FRUTA."

It will remove any case of Asthma or Bronchitis. It will strengthen your lungs and enable you to breathe more freely and efficiently. It will banish every germ of weakness or disease from your throat, nose, and respiratory organs. It arrests even the deadly ravages of tuberculosis, and has banished every trace of Consumption from the lungs of thousands. Instant relief is experienced.

CURES EVERYTHING WITH A COUGH IN IT.

Every bottle requires 60 hours for impregnation, and cannot be hurried. Mr Home-Newcombe himself puts the cure in every bottle.

"IT SAVED MY ONLY SON'S LIFE."

My only son lay at the point of death, suffering from several of the above diseases—the most skilled physicians had done their utmost, but unavailingly, for at last my doctor told me nothing more could be done, and that I must be prepared for the end.

Then it was that I discovered "LIQ-U-FRUTA," and saved my only son. "LIQ-U-FRUTA" miraculously saved his life, and since that date the lives of thousands of others.

(Signed) W. HOME-NEWCOMBE.

Thousands of letters overflowing with gratitude are received. The following is a sample—it deals with that terrible disease, Pulmonary Consumption.

On October 24th Mr Ray, of Abingdon, Berks, writes:—"After a course of 'LIQ-U-FRUTA' I am glad to say I have hardly any further need of this remedy, as I have overcome the disease. I am now so very much better that I am able to say I owe my recovery and health to 'LIQ-U-FRUTA.' For over six months I wore a respirator with a special preparation, as ordered by my Doctor, but can honestly say it did not move the phlegm like 'LIQ-U-FRUTA' has done. I have suffered from Consumption, and had diseased lungs for 12 years, and my trouble has always been removing the phlegm off my lungs; this has been overcome by 'LIQ-U-FRUTA.' I have had three doctors, and they each said the same, 'If you could get the phlegm off your lungs freely your health would be good,' but they were unable to give me anything that would do it. 'LIQ-U-FRUTA' is wonderful, and has done what those three doctors could not perform."

"Just what happened to this gentleman, who suffered from Lung Consumption, severe cough, difficult breathing, and great coagulation of phlegm, can happen to you—will happen to you, for there never has been a failure, yet—it may be not that you suffer from Whooping Cough or Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis or Asthma, or even the scourge of the world—Consumption.

A COUGH AND "LIQ-U-FRUTA" CANNOT EXIST TOGETHER.

"Liq-u-fruta" is THE Remedy that Never Fails

It is the Ever Open Door to Health.

"Liq-u-fruta" is gladly supplied by all the Branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, Gloy's Apothecaries, Cockburn & Co., and all Chemists and Stores, 1s. 3d., 3s., and 5s., or direct by post free from Mr W. Home-Newcombe, Bewell Grove, Camberwell Grove, London, S.E., for remittance in stamps or postal orders. (Abroad postage extra.)

As supplied to the Household of H.M. the King at Windsor Castle.

FREE COUPON

To Mr W. Home-Newcombe,
The Laboratory, 639, Camberwell Grove,
London, S.E.

I enclose 3d in stamps (for postage and packing) for a test bottle of "Liq-u-fruta." No samples sent outside the United Kingdom. Enclose this Coupon, but write name and full address in ink on separate sheet of paper. For an extra 2d in stamps my book "Worth its Weight in Gold" will be sent.

Liquifruta

CURES EVERYTHING WITH A COUGH IN IT.

WAS BALD

was born in 1852, and just as my photograph ows, I now have a full growth of hair. Yet, rty years ago, I found scurf upon my scalp d my hair began to fall away until after a hile I was classed as a "bald-head."

all it vanity if you will, it was displeasing me to remain bald. Furthermore, I believe it our birthright to have plenty of hair upon our ads.

Seeking a Hair Growth.

t is scarcely necessary for me to state that, in e hope of growing new hair, I had experimented th one thing and another—the usual array of hers, pomades, shampoos, &c.—without getting y benefit. At that age I looked older than do now. Later, when I became a trader in the dian Territory of U.S.A., some of the Cherokees nerously called me "the white brother without a alp-lock."

American Indians Never Bald.

never saw a bald Cherokee Indian. Both aws and squaws almost invariably use tobacco, irregularly, frequently wear tight bands ound their heads, and do other things which are mmonly ascribed as causes of baldness. Yet y all possess beautiful hair. What, then, is ir secret?

Being upon the spot—most of the time at Tahlequah—and upon very friendly terms, it was easy for me to gain information from the usually taciturn Cherokees. I learned exactly how merican Indians grow long, luxuriant hair, avoid- baldness and eliminating scurf, or dandruff.

My Hair Grew Again.

Then I applied these secrets to myself, and my air began to grow. There was no messing or uble about it. The new hairs emanated from scalp as profusely as grass grows on a pro- rly kept lawn. I have had a plentitude of hair er since.

Numerous friends of mine in Philadelphia and ewhere asked me what had performed such a racle, and I gave them the Indian Elixir. eir hair soon grew over bald spots. Scurf dis- peared wherever it existed—and it never re- rned. That these persons were amazed and ghted is stating the fact mildly.

The hair that grows is strong and silk-like. It beautiful lustre and imparts the appearance health and vigour.

Will Send a Testing Package.

t will be a pleasure for me to send, post free, package of what I now term Brittain's Indian ir Elixir to any person who writes a request it and who encloses sixpence in stamps (for a .), to pay a share of advertising and mailing penses. Mention Mrs., Mr., Miss, Rev., &c., d sign name plainly. Kindly address your ter to J. HART BRITTAIN, 2 PERCY REET (90A), LONDON, W.

After using the testing package, when you serve that your hair is beginning to grow—en if you have been bald for years—you may tain a further supply from me at a modicum.

DO YOU WANT

ANOTHER

£1 a week

AND

WAR BONUS?

Reliable people will be provided with profitable Home Work on Auto-Knitters by knitting War Socks. Experience and distance immaterial. Write for full particulars, enclosing 1d stamp for postage

The AUTO-KNITTER HOSIERY CO., Ltd., (Dept. 37), 50 & 52 Belvoir St., Leicester.

PERFECT LEATHER STITCHER

FOR ONLY **2/6**

Boy's Automatic

LOCK-STITCH AWL

quickly and strongly sewing all kinds of ther and canvas—perfect lock-stitch as in sewing machine but stronger. Harness, Boots, Belts, s, Tents, in fact, everything can be sewn with useful tool. Save money by doing your own air. Quite simple to use. A necessity in y home and workshop. Price complete, with ight and curved needles and supply of thread. Postage 3d extra. Extra waxed thread, 7½d r skein. Send at once; full instructions with ch AUTO AWL WORKS, 142-144 COTTENHAM ROAD, LONDON, N.

BOMBARDIER PUTS OUT FIRE IN MUNITIONS PILE.

Bo'ness, Saturday.

Bombardier John M'Kay, Royal Field Artillery, son of the late Police Inspector M'Kay, Bo'ness, has been awarded the Military Medal. During the operations on the Struma, the bombardier's battery was in action, and one gun received a direct hit from the enemy's battery, killing four men and setting fire to a pile of ammunition at the gun. M'Kay at once ran up and succeeded in putting out the fire, his battery meanwhile being heavily shelled.

A British unit in the heart of East Africa is the proud possessor of a real brass band.

RHEUMATISM-KIDNEY TROUBLE.

FREE TREATMENT.

Rheumatism is due to uric acid crystals in the joints and muscles, the result of excess uric acid in the system that the kidneys fail to remove as nature intended, and uric acid is also the cause of backache, lumbago, sciatica, gout, urinary trouble, stone, gravel, dropsy. To prove Estora Tablets, a specific based on modern medical science, and the successful treatment for such complaints one full box of forty tablets will be sent to readers of the "Post Sunday Special" on receipt of this notice and 3d in stamps to cover postage, packing, etc. Estora Tablets are an honest remedy at an honest price—1/3 per box of 40 tablets or six boxes for 6/9. Sold by Chemists. For full box sample address Estora Co., 132 Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.—Advt.

SCOTTISH NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

There is a big demand for woodcutters in the West Coast districts at present.

Two Glasgow men were sent to prison for forty days for stealing a parcel of furs valued at £40 from a tramcar.

1230 children were born in Coatbridge during the year just closed, and, strange to say, exactly the same number were registered during the year 1915.

Dr Knight, a Glasgow delegate to the Teachers' Congress, lost his motion that the age for leaving school should be raised to sixteen.

To escape from the police a Govan lad of 17 walked along the ledge outside the window to another house.

Mr William Beattie, 220 Berkeley Street, Glasgow, the champion knitter of Scotland, who is 90 years of age, has received a letter of thanks from the Prime Minister for a pair of socks which he knitted and sent to him.

Ardrishaig is still debating means for dealing with the rabbit peril in that district, the farmers being concerned as to the safety of next season's crops.

Lord Rosebery is to unveil the Gladstone Memorial at Edinburgh about the middle of this month.

Lady Cayzer, widow of Sir Charles Cayzer, of Gartmore and Newtyle, has made the annual distribution of coals among deserving parishioners at Gartmore.

The Board of Agriculture for Scotland has circularised landowners urging that permission should be given to tenants to shoot rabbits and that deer forests should be used as grazings in order to increase the food supply.

The sale of sweets, chocolate, and other sugar confectionery and ice-cream is not now to be permitted in theatres, ice-cream shops, &c., "as refreshments for consumption off the premises."

For the sixteenth year in succession Mr James Rodger, factor, Keir Mains, Dunblane, will represent Stirling and Fife district on the Board of the Clydesdale Horse Society of Great Britain.

The census of tramps taken at Kilsyth revealed the unusual fact that they have entirely disappeared from the district.

Dr Jane Hay, Pumpherston, Mid-Calder, has been appointed house surgeon at Dumfries Infirmary.

Bailie James Stewart, who presided at a conference in Glasgow of the Scottish Labour Housing Association, said that among the aims of the Association was the total abolition of single apartment houses.

In the parish of Blantyre, which has a population of 16,903, there are 575 Lithuanians, 55 Italians, 39 Belgians, 4 Americans, 7 Dutch, 3 Swedes, 44 Germans, and 5 Austrians.

So prompt and generous a response was made to the appeal of the Edinburgh Municipal War Comforts Committee for bagpipes for the Royal Scots that the funds required were obtained in a few days.

Great indignation is being expressed in Pittenweem at the action of the North British Railway in closing the station, the opinion being that it will entail extreme hardship and suffering to the community.

Female attendants are now doing duty in the male sick wards at Smithston Asylum, Greenock.

Motorists will welcome the announcement that the famed Trossachs Road is again open for traffic.

It is said that the scarcity of young bank clerks, keenly felt in Greenock, is chiefly due to the small remuneration offered.

The Dick Institute at Kilmarnock, which is one of the most handsome structures in Ayrshire, is to be converted into a Red Cross Hospital.

Hawick hosiery workers, who were asking for an advance of 25 per cent., have accepted an advance of 7½ per cent. just now, with 2½ per cent. more in April and 2½ per cent. next July.

The periscopes manufactured by the boys in the woodwork class at Stirling High School are now in use in the army, and some of them have been seen in France by local soldiers.

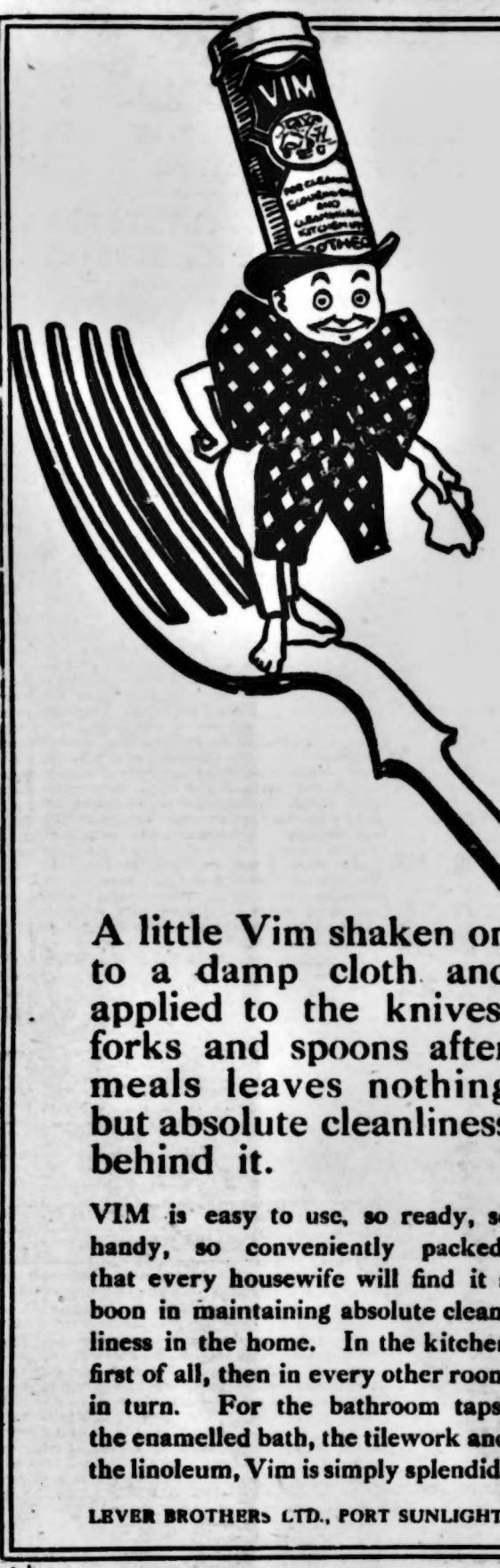
At Hawick hiring fair the better class of shepherds received from £50 to £60 per annum, with free house, garden, and other perquisites, the rise being about £10 from last year.

Greenock has maintained its "rainy" reputation, last year's rainfall being the highest for a long number of years. The total reached 68.09, as compared with 49.38 in the previous twelve months.

The handsome silver challenge Cup (for whist) occupies a prominent place in Stobhill Hospital. Trooper R. Orr, of the Scots Greys, a Hamilton man, and Bombardier H. Boyle, of the R.G.A., Clarkston, were the winners.

A beautifully-designed oak memorial shield, containing the names of natives who joined the colours during the first fifteen months of the war, has been presented to the village of Ballachulish by Captain Beresford Drummond. It is to be placed in the Public Hall.

The Duke of Portland has placed the services of his Scottish agent, Mr J. Harling Turner, unreservedly at the disposal of Mr Neville Chamberlain, who has appointed him to be Director of the new Agricultural Section of the National Service Department. Mr Turner is one of the best known men in Ayrshire.



CLEANSER VIM & POLISHER

A little VIM on a fork means a clean fork, a bright fork, a fork fit to convey the daintiest morsel from plate to palate.

A little Vim shaken on to a damp cloth and applied to the knives, forks and spoons after meals leaves nothing but absolute cleanliness behind it.

VIM is easy to use, so ready, so handy, so conveniently packed, that every housewife will find it a boon in maintaining absolute cleanliness in the home. In the kitchen first of all, then in every other room in turn. For the bathroom taps, the enamelled bath, the tilework and the linoleum, Vim is simply splendid.

LEVER BROTHERS LTD., PORT SUNLIGHT.

VIM THE UNIVERSAL CLEANSER AND POLISHER.

In 6d., 3d. & 1d. SIFTER-TOP TINS.

V114—84

PAIN STOPPED.

SIMPLE HOME REMEDY. Trial Package Free To-Day

Are you in pain? This is the question you will hear daily, and to be able to relieve pain, whether it be a slight nervous headache or the most excruciating sufferings of neuralgia or rheumatism, brings the height of pleasure to both patient and doctor.

Touching this point, a well-known doctor says Antikamnia Tablets have become favourites with members of the medical profession; they are very reliable in all kinds of pain, and act at once. To stop pain quickly the dose is one tablet, repeat the dose 10 minutes later if necessary.

Antikamnia Tablets never fail to give relief in all pains due to rheumatism, headache, sciatica, neuralgia, toothache, gout, and are especially useful for all conditions known as women's aches and pains.

Antikamnia Tablets are quite safe, and leave no unpleasant after effects and in 92 per cent. of all cases they stop the pain immediately.

TRIAL PACKAGES FREE.

10,000 packages of Antikamnia Tablets have been set aside for free distribution. If you will send your name and address (a postcard will do) to the Antikamnia Tablet Dept. (A29), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London E.C., you will receive one of these presentation packages with interesting booklet absolutely free of charge.

For your Infant or Invalid

Benger's Food is appetising and delicious. Even the milk used to prepare it is made lighter and easier to digest!

In the tin one food may look like another, but there the resemblance of any other food to Benger's ends.

BENGER'S Food

while being prepared becomes blended into a dainty cream *by a gentle first process of digestion*, self-contained in the Food.

To this, and to its great nutritive power, Benger's owes its unique position as *"the Food the Doctor orders."*

From an M.D., M.R.C.P., F.R.C.S.

"I am a Specialist in Diseases in Children, and am using Benger's Food extensively in my practice."

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere price 1/-, 1/6, 2/6, 5/- & 10/-. Full particulars and directions with each tin. Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers: BENGER'S FOOD LTD. —— MANCHESTER, England.

Branch Offices: NEW YORK 90, Beekman St. SYDNEY 117, Pitt St. Depôts throughout CANADA.

WHEN RUN DOWN

or weakened by illness, ANDERSON'S QUININE & IRON TONIC comes as a welcome reinforcement to aid you in renewing the battle of life. It does it successfully. Sold in bottles at 1s 3d and 2s 3d each at

JAS. ANDERSON'S DUNDEE DRUG STORES

76-74 COMMERCIAL ST., DUNDEE.

The Depot in Dundee for all Medicines, &c., of Best Quality at Minimum Prices.

This beautiful 9ct. GOLD SHELL RING, engraved with any Regimental or Naval Crest, either Ladies' or Gent.'s size, for P.O. 2/6 (guaranteed for 5 years), or 18-ct. Marked Gold Ring, 12s 6d. It is made by GIMB & MAYER, whose is a sufficient guarantee as to its wearing quality. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue of Gold Shell Jewellery. To get the size, cut a hole in a piece of cardboard, to fit tightly over the knuckles of your finger.—Address:—GIMB & MAYER (Dept. 99), 13, Bedford Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Order

Niblick

WHISKY

NOTHING BETTER, DISTILLED.

That's all!

The shortest cut in the world to a rousing good cup of coffee—boiling water, a cup, and

'CAMP' COFFEE

Buying a *substitute* for 'CAMP' will always bring its own reward—disappointment!

All Grocers sell 'Camp'

R. Paterson & Sons, Coffee Specialists, Glasgow

RESULTS AT A GLANCE.

X INDICATES MATCH OFF.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

Aberdeen,	1	Ayr United,	0
Airdrieonians,	3	Queen's Park,	0
Celtic,	1	Motherwell,	0
Dumbarton,	5	Clyde,	1
Falkirk,	2	Dundee,	1
Hamilton Aca.,	0	Morton,	1
Hibernian,	2	St Mirren,	1
Kilmarnock,	0	Partick Thistle,	1
Third Lanark,	0	Raith Rovers,	1
Rangers,	1	Hearts,	0

WESTERN LEAGUE.

Vale of Leven,	x	Wishaw Thistle,	x
Johnstone,	1	Benton,	1

WESTERN CUP.

Arthurlie,	0	Clydebank,	1
Abercorn,	1	Stevenston United,	1

EASTERN CUP.

St Bernards,	4	Dunfermline Athletic,	2

INTER-COUNTY LEAGUE.

Q.P. Strollers,	0	Albion Rovers,	1

SCOTTISH JUNIOR CUP—2d Round Protested Tie.

St Mirren Juniors,	1	Pollok,	0

SCOTTISH JUNIOR CUP—3d Round.

Port-Glasgow Juniors,	0	Renfrew Juniors,	2
Dunipace Juniors,	2	Clydebank Juniors,	1

NORTH-EASTERN TIE.

Parkhead,	2	St Anthony's,	0

GLASGOW JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Shettleston,	1	Petershill,	1
Glenavon,	2	Shettleston,	1
Maryhill,	2	Cumbernauld Rangers,	1
Parkhead,	1	Larkhall Thistle,	1
Ashfield,	0	Benburb,	0
Vale of Clyde,	1	Bob Roy,	0

ENGLISH LEAGUE.

Lancashire Section.

Blackburn Rovers,	1	Everton,	5
Blackpool,	3	Manchester City,	1
Bury,	1	Port Vale,	3
Liverpool,	3	Preston North End,	1
Manchester United,	3	Burnley,	0
Southport Central,	3	Rochdale,	0
Stockport County,	2	Oldham Athletic,	0
Stoke,	7	Bolton Wanderers,	0

Midland Section.

Birmingham,	2	Chesterfield Town,	2
Bradford,	4	Hull City,	0
Grimsby Town,	1	Leicester Fosse,	3
Huddersfield,	1	Leeds City,	1
Lincoln City,	0	Barnsley,	1
Rotherham County,	2	Sheffield United,	0
Sheffield Wednesday,	1	Notts Forest,	0
Notts County,	1	Bradford City,	0

London Combination.

Millwall,	3	Brentford,	0
Fulham,	0	West Ham United,	2
Watford,	2	Crystal Palace,	2
Portsmouth,	2	Chelsea,	1
Q.P. Rangers,	4	Southampton,	0
Clapton Orient,	1	Tottenham Hotspur,	2
Luton,	1	Arsenal,	4

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	A.	Pts.
Celtic,	21	15	0	6	42	7	36
Morton,	23	15	4	4	42	25	34
Rangers,	21	14	3	4	41	13	32
Airdrieonians,	23	11	5	7	40	25	29
Third Lanark,	21	10	5	6	29	20	26
Kilmarnock,	23	11	8	4	37	26	26
Partick Thistle,	21	10	6	5	30	15	25
St Mirren,	22	10	7	5	31	24	25
Dumbarton,	22	9	9	5	38	47	23
Ayr United,	23	9	9	5	30	32	23
Falkirk,	23	7	8	8	34	32	22
Clyde,	20	6	4	11	27	28	21
Motherwell,	23	7	12	4	36	43	18
Hibernian,	23	4	10	9	33	48	17
Hearts,	23	8	14	1	22	38	17
Hamilton Aca.,	22	5	11	6	24	44	16
Aberdeen,	23	5	12	6	23	30	16
Queen's Park,	20	6	11	3	30	42	15
Dundee,	23	5	15	3	30	47	13
Raith Rovers,	23	3	15	5	22	55	11

WESTERN LEAGUE.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	A.	Pts.
Stevenston United,	17	14	1	2	38	10	30
Clydebank,	15	9	4	2	30	19	20
Vale of Leven,	16	8	5	3	35	19	19
Dumbarton Harp,	13	7	5	1	24	16	15
Abercorn,	13	6	4	4	20	16	14
Johnstone,	15	5	7	3	21	28	13
Albion Rovers,	15	3	7	5	17	23	11
Renton,	15	2	6	7	17	26	11
Dykehead,	11	3	5	3	14	22	9
Arthurlie,	14	3	8	3	15	26	9
Wishaw Thistle,	11	3	6	2	11	22	8
Royal Albert,	11	1	5	5	11	26	7

EASTERN LEAGUE.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	A.	Pts.
Cowdenbeath,	14	10	1	3	41	16	23
St Bernards,	15	10	4	1	34	14	21
East Fife,	10	7	2	1	17	4	15
Armadale,	13	5	4	4	21	22	14
Dundee Hibs,	16	6	8	1	27	30	13
East Stirlingshire,	11	4	4	3	23	23	11
Dunfermline,	13	5	7	1	17	24	11
Broxburn,	11	3	6	2	10	21	8
Bathgate,	13	3	8	2	18	31	8
Lochgelly United,	11	1	10	0	7	30	2

BILLIARDS.

SCOTTISH CHAMPION DEFEATED.

Last night the concluding session took place in the Carlton Hall of the match of 8000 up (level) between Tom Aiken, the Scottish champion, and Claude Falkiner, the well-known Yorkshire player. Play had been in progress since Monday, and though Aiken had at times given glimpses of his old form, generally speaking, the Yorkshireman had the better of the exchanges.

At the final session Aiken's principal breaks were 68, 203, 86, and 90, while his opponent had capital efforts of 315 (full), 53, 73, 184, and 153.

The concluding scores were:—

Falkiner, ...	8000
Aiken, ...	7529

Falkiner's average was 32.7, and Aiken's 28.3.

It was Raith Rovers and "bookies" day!

Soldier Brown did not hit the target at Falkirk.

The third time's lucky, but 'twas hard lines on Pollok.

John Simpson can be written down as the Brockville star.

New brushes sweep clean. The Rovers have started the "big push."

Clydebank Juniors failed to rise to the occasion in Stirlingshire. They went out of the Scottish to Dunipace by the odd goal in three.

SCENE BETWEEN REFEREE AND SPECTATOR AT FIRST LEAGUE MATCH.

MERCER'S DANDY DISPLAY AT IBROX—DUNDEE BROWN CATCHES THE EYE—RIPPING SAVING BY RUNDELL.

HOW THE JAGS WON AT KILLIE—CLYDE'S EBB AT DUMBARTON—THE REVIVAL OF RAITH ROVERS.

An unusual incident occurred during the second half of the match at Cathkin Park between Third Lanark and Raith Rovers.

Play was in progress on the stand side, close to the touchline, when the game was stopped, and the referee, Mr R. J. Kelso, of Helensburgh, left the field and addressed himself to a spectator.

His object was to remonstrate with him for using an expression which Mr Kelso alleged he used, and of which Mr Kelso didn't approve.

Leaning over the railing separating the pitch from the enclosure, the referee said his say, while the spectator looked up at him with growing resentment shown in his face.

This took active form when Mr Kelso was moving away. The spectator twice made to get over the railing, but was prevented each time. He was labouring under considerable excitement, and, besides voicing his objection to the action of the referee, he pointed to the war badge in his buttonhole to show that he was doing his bit.

Mr Kelso called out Mr Tarbet, the Third Lanark manager, who quickly persuaded the spectator to accompany him to the pavilion, where matters were soon put right.

The incident occasioned considerable excitement.

DUMBARTON DOWN THE CLYDE.

Dumbarton were in grand fettle when they easily overcame Clyde at Boghead before 3000 people. Lester and Garrie were out of the home team, Cairney and Baird coming in. Watson took Farrell's place at back. Dumbarton began in spirited fashion. In eight minutes Cairney accepted a nice pass from M'Kim and whipped the ball into the net. Three minutes later a lovely pass by Thom resulted in M'Kim beating Shingleton for the second time. In thirty minutes Cairney had a third goal again from a Thom pass. Clyde had several dangerous raids, but the forwards were poor finishers.

Clyde resumed strongly in the second half, and in four minutes Jackson scored their only goal. The Reds' form was better this half, but the forwards' shooting was poor. Dumbarton were full of running, and in twenty minutes Cairney scored a fourth goal, and close on time a clever move between Thom and Cairney ended in the latter notching a fifth goal. Cairney came in for a great reception at the close, his four goals being a feat seldom seen on Boghead. Other prominent Sons were Miller, M'Grory, Semple, Raeside, M'Kim, and Thom, the latter having a say in most of the goals. Clyde's best were Shingleton, Watson, Neave, M'Gowan, and Shimmons.

Dumbarton, 5; Clyde, 1.

Dumbarton—Miller; M'Grory and Semple; Travers, Raeside, and Reid; Ritchie, M'Kim, Cairney, Baird, and Thom.

Clyde—Shingleton; Watson and Cowan; Walker, Neave, and Forrest; Thomson, Watson, M'Gowan, Jackson, and Shimmon.

CELTS' PENALTY WIN.

Motherwell faced Celts at Parkhead. They were without Left-Winger Gray, and a reshuffle all over was found necessary. Celts were well placed for a side, O'Kane partnering M'Atee. The standard of play throughout was never high, and only a penalty kick in the last ten minutes sealed the issue and carried the points.

It was Celts' first, and Rundell had to get down to many balls that carried little danger. 'Twas some time before Motherwell settled to their game, and it was Morgan that showed the road. He shoved over a good ball to Ferguson, who was at fault in his trapping, and Shaw cleared. It was highly amusing to watch the method of the Celts. Outfield they mated well, but they played the ball anywhere, but for scoring chances Finlayson and M'Skimming had a picnic. They took everything that came their way first time, and were a rare couple of hard grafters. Rundell was in triumphal mood. He made no mistakes, and even with M'Coll well through he brought off a distinctive clearance. Why M'Coll banged it at the keeper instead of past him is one of the things that put the crowd "up the pole."

Motherwell had many good scoring chances, but the back-pass safety game of the Greens was clearly disconcerting. Only once in a mix-up, with the defence in a tangle, did the 'Well look like beating Charlie, but he scraped clear on the post. Celts went on their haphazard, non-paying game, making bloomers, finishing any place but on the target, with an occasional "guid ane" from "Smiler," which Rundell dealt with, and rushes by M'Coll which did not come off. Thus it was that there was a blank score sheet at the turn-over, with Rundell and his backs having the credit.

With all their wiles in the second half Celts met with no success. Even with Frank Kelly rendered a passenger they failed to make good. True, they held the balance, but the provincial defence kept their end up, much to the chagrin of the crowd. Motherwell had one great effort this half. It came from Ferguson, a great shot, and an equally great save. Ten minutes from the finish came Finlayson's bloomer. He drew down a ball with his hand, which was Rundell's all the time, and Joe Dodds scored from the penalty.

M'Nair and Dodds were equally great in their different styles. Of the halves Wilson was the best. Forward, M'Menemy and M'Coll were the best of the line. M'Atee did not get the support necessary, and O'Kane would have been better advised to pay more attention to the ball and less to the man. Motherwell's "star" men were Brown, Rundell, Finlayson, M'Skimming, M'Stey, Morgan, and Ferguson.

Celts, 1; Motherwell, 0.

Celtic—Shaw; M'Nair and Dodds; Wilson, M'Stay, and Brown; M'Atee, O'Kane, M'Coll, M'Menemy, and Browning.

Motherwell—Rundell; Finlayson and M'Skimming; M'Stey, Brown, and Murray; Kelly, King, Ferguson, Stewart, and Morgan.

WELL DONE, THE JAGS!

When one reflects that Kilmarnock had an undefeated record in December, and look at the high position of the Ayrshire club on the table, the victory of Partick Thistle at Rugby Park must rank as one of the best performances of the day. Kilmarnock enthusiasts will, no doubt, maintain that the Jags were lucky. In the first half they certainly were forced to play on the defensive for the greater part of the time, but that only served to bring out the sterling qualities of the Thistle's rear division. The work of Adams and Bulloch was deserving of the highest praise. The truth is that the Kilmarnock forwards could make little impression on the Thistle's defence. Ferguson had a few clever saves, but was never severely tested. Once or twice he certainly ought to have been defeated, but the reckless shooting of the home forwards greatly dissatisfied and disappointed their supporters. Counting their chances, Kilmarnock ought to have crossed over leading by two or three goals, but at half-time there was no score.

This state of matters didn't last long. In five minutes Bowie had Blair beaten off a cross from the right. Play in this period was more exciting Partick took a larger share of the game, and the work of their forwards met with greater success in the outfield. Excellent support was given by the half-backs, and near the close the home defence had considerable difficulty in preventing them from again scoring. For their magnificent defence in the first half and their bright forward display in the second, the Thistle were entitled to both points. That Kilmarnock did not share in the success was owing to the wretched shooting of the forwards.

Kilmarnock, 0; Partick Thistle, 1.

Kilmarnock—Blair; Hamilton and Mitchell; Henderson, Goldie, and Mackie; Fulton, Smith, Culley, Rutherford, and M'Phail.

Partick Thistle—Ferguson; Adams and Bulloch; Durnan, Gardner, and M'Millan; Whittle, J. Harris, N. Harrie, Leitch, and Bowie.

MORTON MANAGE.

It was only in the second half that Morton against Hamilton Academicals showed form worthy of the lofty position they occupy on the League ladder. Strange to say it was the first half, when they were clearly mastered by their opponents, that the Greenock team succeeded in scoring the only goal of the game. The goal came a few minutes before the interval, and up to that point the Academicals had done everything except score. The ground side was by far the better team in the opening moiety, and ought to have crossed over with a commanding lead. Singularly enough, even when so much is said, it has to be admitted that Bradford had few difficult shots to negotiate. Somehow or other Morrison and Ormonde succeeded in keeping their end up—and at times they were sorely beset—without troubling the player holding the last line to any appreciable extent. The home attack was finely led by Graham. He balanced his supports well, but Kelly and Kyle, who got the bulk of his passes, failed badly at shooting. M'Neil, too, who was in rampant form on the extreme left, was specially unfortunate in that two or three of his tries missed by the veritable hair's breadth. Morton did nothing noteworthy at all except score. Stevenson, although severely pressed, foraged his way past several opponents and crossed in front of Craig. The latter seemed beaten when Adam Millar burst in and scooped the ball out with his hand. From the resultant penalty kick Gourlay scored.

If Morton were a poor lot in the first half the same cannot be said of them in the second portion. They were from beginning to end full of running, and had the Academicals completely run off their feet. No more goals came their way, however, and the factors which contributed to their non-success in that direction were Craig, the crossbar, and the uprights. Craig saved brilliantly, but twice at least he must have been beaten but for the intervention of woodwork. Occasionally the Acas got the length of Bradford, but their attack had lost its sting. Taking an impartial view of the game it should be conceded at once that the ground side did not deserve to be beaten. A draw was their due, and it was as much as the general run of the exchanges ought to have afforded to either side. The stars for Morton were Bradford, Morrison, Ormonde, M'Intyre, Wright, Gourlay, and Stevenson. For the Academicals the backs excelled, the halves were good and bad by turns, and Kelly, Graham, and M'Neill, apart from the chances they missed, were the pick of a ragged and disjointed quintette.

Morton, 1; Hamilton Acas, 0.

Hamilton Academicals—Craig; Robertson and A. Miller; Purdie, M'Namee, and J. Miller; Corcoran, Kelly, Graham, Kyle, and M'Neil.

Morton — Bradford; Morrison and Ormonde; M'Intyre, Wright, and J. Stevenson; Grant, Gourlay, M'Neil, R. Stevenson, and M'Nab.

RANGERS' FIRST-MINUTE BURST.

The 10,000 spectators present at Ibrox had full value for their money. The opening burst supplied the only goal of the match. Rangers kicked off against wind and sun, but were sent back, only to return at express speed, and Martin, getting possession, ran in and sent the ball past Black at express speed. The goalie was not to blame, but both Mercer and M'Intosh had a chance to clear, but failed to do so. Hearts took a long time to settle, but once they did the Rangers' attack lost some of its sting. The Rangers, however, were in spanking form, and were difficult to keep out. Neither team was good when opportunity presented. C. Duncan, for Rangers, missed a pinch, and Gibson lost the equaliser. Blair, for Rangers, and Mercer, for Hearts, were outstanding, and although Hempsey did not get too much to do, he had luck on his side when his body stopped a straight one from Gibson, and Sharp put over from the rebound, with the goalkeeper helpless. Hearts showed the finer points in passing, but their work was too close to be successful. Rangers certainly kept the ball swinging about, but were dead off at goal. Martin was the Rangers' best in the front rank, but he was poorly supported, and all his individual efforts so far failed to find a fitting finish. Hearts kept up the pressure till the interval, but on resuming it was the Rangers who predominated, and did so for the greater part of the second half. The Hearts' defence was sore put to it, but they stuck to their guns, and even although S. Duncan was gifted with an open goal six yards out he kicked so feebly that Black was able to pick up and clear. Hearts rallied for a time, and even a score was looked for from them, but they could not get behind Hempsey. Rangers' best were Blair, Riddell, Martin, and Bowie. Hearts' goalie was clean, backs shaky, Mercer and Ross great, while Gibson, Cartnell, and Sharp were fair to medium throughout.

Rangers, 1; Hearts, 0.

Rangers—Hempsey; Manderson and Blair; Pursell, Riddell, and M'Kenna; S. Duncan, Bowie, C. Duncan, Martin, and Croot.

Hearts—Black; Kiernan and M'Intosh; Laidlaw, Mercer, and Ross; Blackhall, M'Ewan, Gibson, Cartnell, and Sharp.

RAITH ROVERS' RIPPING DEFENCE.

Third Lanark had Raith Rovers at Cathkin. The first twenty minutes of the game was of the stick-in-the-mud order, neither side being in anything like First League form. If anything, the Rovers had more go, Lindsay and Archibald playing splendidly together, and the outside players sending across some accurate centres. Thomson, on the left, had played with little more confidence, the Rovers' lead might have come earlier, but Brown and M'Cormack had quite an easy time in keeping their side of the field out of danger. It was only fitting that the first goal should come from the cleverest wing on the field. Lindsay and Archibald having a splendid combined run, from which Archibald completely deceived Brownlie. Thirds opened out a bit after this reverse, but could make nothing of the visitors' defence, Forrest, Winning, and Muir successfully coping with all the attempts to beat Brown. By crossing over on the lead Raith had their due more for their go-ahead methods than for any superiority in play. Half-time—Thirds, 0; Raith Rovers, 1.

If good play is to be judged by the energy displayed, then the second half was a distinct success. For thirty-five minutes Third Lanark were on the aggressive, and during that period only desperate play by Winning, Muir, and Brown prevented not only the arrears being wiped off, but the putting on of several goals to the credit of Thirds. Both Weir and Sutherland worked like Trojans, but M'Lean was helpless against Forrest, who seldom gave away an opening. Several free kicks were granted to Thirds, and all in good positions for M'Lean, but the centre had no luck, even on one occasion when he saw daylight past the wall of defenders and had Brown beaten, but Winning cleared more by accident than intent.

At times the Rovers got a run towards Brownlie, and these runs on each occasion resulted in a corner, but, although each was well placed, the defence cleared. Towards the close Thirds were desperate, and on several occasions the crowd were a trifle premature in their shout of goal, but they could be excused, as Brown's daring alone saved the situation. The result was caused by Thirds' easy-going methods of the first half and Raith Rovers' grand defence in the second.

Third Lanark, 0; Raith Rovers, 1.

Thirds — Brownlie; M'Cormack and Mackie; Brown, M'Laughlan, and Hannah; Bisset, Weir, M'Lean, Sutherland, and Thomson.

Raith Rovers — Brown; Winning, and Muir; Ripley, Forrest, and Currie; Archibald, Lindsay, Inglis, Abbot, and Thomson.

AYR DOWN AT ABERDEEN.

Aberdeen accomplished quite a clever performance in beating Ayr United at Pittodrie, but for a considerable period of the first half it looked as if the points would go to their opponents. The frost-bound ground did not permit of many risks being taken, but although on this account mistakes were numerous on both sides, yet Ayr seemed to be able to adapt themselves better to the conditions than did their opponents.

For the first twenty-five minutes United were the more methodical and cleverer lot, and danger usually threatened from their numerous inroads. Several runs, notably by the brothers Cringan, gave hopes of more tangible results, but Anderson was equal to all demands made upon him. As the game progressed Aberdeen began to cut a more prominent part in the picture. Their attack was fraught with danger, and so persistent were they in their efforts that it came as no surprise when, after twenty-eight minutes' play, the Dons opened their account, Wylie sharing in the credit of the goal which he with a fine cross enabled Cruickshank to score, after Ambler had failed to head past White. The Northerners were a different lot after this, yet they were lucky to be on the lead at the interval.

Nevertheless their all-round superiority after the resumption fully entitled them to the victory which ultimately rested with them. There were occasions when Ayr looked as if they might find the net, but as a rule, their shooting was terribly weak, chances being missed time and again; indeed Waddell was the only man who seemed to know the location of the goal. Aberdeen's thrusts were full of danger, and often the United's charge had narrow escapes. The Dons were latterly all over the Ayrs, and with a little luck would have won by a bigger margin. The winners were splendidly served by Brewster, Perry, Paton, Cruickshank, Ambler, Cail, and Wylie, while Ayr's best were Bell, Hay, the Cruickshank, Ambler, Cail, and Wylie.

Aberdeen, 1; Ayr United, 0.

Aberdeen—Anderson; Colman and Calder; Perry, Brewster, and Robertson; Paton, Cruickshank, Armbler, Cail, and Wylie.

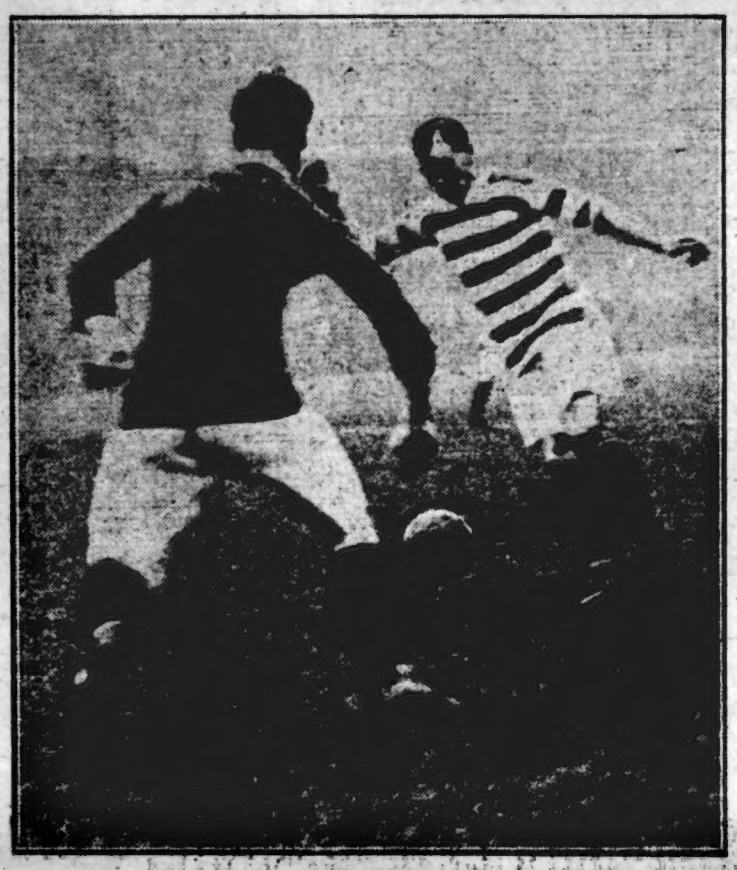
Ayr United—White; Bell and Hay; Waddell, W. Cringan, and M'Laughlan; R. Cringan, Marshall, Crosbie, Shankley, and Yule.

MISSED PENALTY AT STEVENSTON.

Stevenston United and Abercorn played a Western Cup tie at Stevenston. Play was fast from start to finish, both teams playing vigorous football. Abercorn made the more promising show at the beginning, and were value for the goal which Rae cleverly scored during the first half.

In the second half Stevenston were more in evidence, and when a penalty kick fell to them their supporters anticipated the equaliser, but Sinclair, who took the kick, failed to score. The game seemed lost to United, when in the last minute Farrell initiated a forward move, which terminated in Hamilton scoring. Best for Abercorn were Spiers, Howie, and Montgomery, while for Stevenston Farrell, Hamilton, and Sinclair were prominent.

Stevenston United, 1; Abercorn, 1.



M'Menemy beating Finlayson, Motherwell's right back, at Celtic Park yesterday.

QUEEN'S PARK S FINE DEFENCE.

Yesterday's League game at Broomfield ween Airdrieonians and Queen's Park s about the poorest seen between the bs. The Airdrieonians had the Queen's fenders in difficulties practically from the tset. The home forwards moved with edom and confidence, and, with the sole ception of W. Anderson on the extreme t, an accuracy which greatly troubled the een's defence. In five minutes Rankine ve Yarnell a chance, and the latter shot brilliant goal for his side. From that riod on to the interval it was a case of ndrie forwards v. Queen's defenders, and latter lot fairly proved their greatness. Airdrie failed to add to their score, that a great measure was due to the fine de- ce of the Queen's side, who faced all the sic and accompanied it in good style. As matter of fact, the game was so one- ded that the Airdrie keeper only handled ball on one or two occasions.

Things were different during the closing lf, and, if play was not by any means of thrilling character, it was fast enough, d more evenly contested than during the st half. The Queen's forwards, however, re far too individualistic. They hung on the leather too long—till they went tilt ainst one or other of Airdrie's resolute fenders. Airdrie's front rank displayed re method. A brainy move by Rankine s crowned by Anderson, who scored a autiful second goal, while later the same yer, from a free kick, gave his side a rd point. The Queen's experienced hard es in not counting towards the close, the ay of Alan Morton and M'Diarmid being od value for at least one goal. But Air- eonians were full value for their three- al victory.

Airdrieonians, 3; Queen's Park, 0.

Airdrie—Bernard; M'Donald and Watson; nox, Kennedy, and Sneddon; Rankin, F. nderson, Yarnell, Donaldson, and W. An- rson.

Queen's Park—R. Ward; P. Thorpe and Nelson; E. Cowan, J. G. Barrie, and A. ord; W. J. Aitken, H. M'Millan, R. S. 'Diarmid, P. Templeton, and A. L. Mor- n.

HIBS' HOME VICTORY.

It was a glorious afternoon at Easter Road, d Hibs signalised the event by taking full nts from the Paisley Saints, and inci- ntally getting their first League victory at me since 2d September.

For the major portion of the game they d not look like accomplishing this feat. rst of all, they had team difficulties. Gor- n was not feeling well, and although Michael waited till after kicking-off time r Kerr, that player failed to appear. ponie took the latter's place, Newton being oduced at left half, and Borthwick re- ming his position at back. Matters looked d for the Hibs at the start, but after ten nutes or so they got off with a bang, and eaney scored with a nice header. St irren then set themselves to get on level ms. Their front line showed many clever nches, but M'Manus and his backs kept bs' goal intact. St Mirren, however, de- ved a better fate than to be a goal down the interval.

On resuming, Hibs reconstructed their for- rd line, Smith appearing in the centre, d Campbell at outside left. The change s for the better, and Hibs had more than ir share of the play thereafter. The isley lads had no luck. Campbell in- eased Hibs' lead with a shot from an acute gle. Higginbotham reduced the lead ten nutes later, but the Saints could not again rce the Easter Road citadel. M'Manus d the two backs, Paterson, Meaney, and mbell were outstanding for Hibs, while the Paisley team the most prominent yers were Reid, Walls, Higginbotham, rshall, and Brown.

Hibs, 2; St Mirren, 1.

Hibernian—M'Manus: Borthwick and rnan; Moonie, Paterson, and Newton; mbell, Fleming, Kilpatrick, Meaney, and uth.

St Mirren—Hillcoat: Reid and Callaghan; own, Sim, and Walls; Higgenbotham, ngle, Marshall, Lindsay, and A. Brown.

OOD PLAY AT FALKIRK.

Dundee seldom come off victorious at ckville Park against the Bairns, and terday provided no exception to the rule. ile losing by two goals to nothing, it can- however, be said that Falkirk were very stantially better than the Taysiders, but as to be noted that, whereas Dundee were y represented, Falkirk were under ordi- y strength, being without M'Millan and lker. In the early stages Brown, the ns Park centre, was the man who mostly ght the eve. He was alert, eager, and edy, but Stewart was in nippy form, and med him down, and latterly Bobby Orrock k his measure, and kept him well out of danger zone. M'Culloch had one great ve at Stewart which made the locals gasp, e outstretched hand of the keeper saved situation. The best tries on the Fal- k side came from Simpson, Watson, and Culloch, but Bower had little difficulty in aring. The first half ended appropriately ugh with a clean sheet.

Playing to the home goal in characteristic lkirk fashion, the Brockville side displayed re "ginger" in their work, and Dan mrie should have had Bower beaten with ift cross from Simpson. Instead of driv- for goal he walked the ball practically against the custodian's legs. Grand spoil- play by M'Intosh and following on gave ndee many chances, and Herron, Brown, d Steven were busy with the defence, but y were up against a very smart pair in rock and Stewart, who were at their best. mpson was the man who queered the Dun- ian defence repeatedly, and off a sur- se overhead cross M'Culloch rushed in d nodded on the first goal of the after- on. As if to make amends for earlier atoriness, Falkirk rattled on number two, n Comrie being the scorer. Getting the l three-quarters length out, he ran on, witting three opponents, and made ab- utely certain of the mark by beating wer from two yards out. During the last arter Dundee exerted every ounce to re- e the leeway, and how the Falkirk goal aped borders on the remarkable. All the wards had a "go," and even Thomson s up among them urging them on, but ewart's charge remained intact. It was a e game to watch all the way, and while e Bairns deserved the victory it may be adily admitted that they would not have grudged Dundee at least one goal for their worthy opposition.

Falkirk, 2; Dundee, 0.

Falkirk—Stewart; Orrock and Donaldson, Harvey, A. Comrie, and M'Donald; Simp son, Watson, D. Comrie, Croal, and M'Cul- loch.

Dundee — Bowers; Thomson and Burns; Stirling, M'Intosh, and Duffus; Herron, Murray, Brown, M'Culloch, and Steven.

DUNFERMLINE DOWN.

Dunfermline Athletic and St Bernard met at Edinburgh in the Loftus Cup competition. Dunfermline, two weeks ago, won by 2-0, and, on the home-and-home principle, the Saints had to win by 3-0 to qualify for the next round. Dunfermline had the better of the opening exchanges. They unsuccessfully tried the Saints' defence for some time, but the backs played well, and, kicking finely, kept the lines clear. The prettiest effort in the earlier stages of the half came from Herbert, the Saints' outside right. The winger secured the ball near midfield. He dashed away, and, finding no support avail able, went through on his own to near the goal, where Stewart, the right back, who had slipped round, intercepted him. The try was certainly deserving of a goal.

M'Lean, the Saints' inside right, made no mistake a little later. It was a cleverly- taken goal, and full value for the Saints' revival after fighting so well in defence at the start of the game.

Dunfermline was the first to show any signs of achieving something in the opening of the second half. Two rattling shots from Grierson and Tonner respectively livened matters up in the region of the Edinburgh goal, and called for some good work on the part of Kerr. The Saints after this, how- ever, settled down, and, struggling to the other end, kept Paterson busy.

Couper, M'Lean, and Herbert all had near tries at Paterson's charge. They deserved a penalty goal which came their way. It placed them on the lead, and gave additional spirit to the game. They secured another a minute later, but because of an infring- ment it was disallowed.

St Bernard, 4; Dunfermline A., 2.

TIPS FOR NEXT SATUR- DAY.

Motherwell are at Ayr. The United for both points.

Clyde are at home to the Rangers. Don't hesitate to back the visitors for the brace.

Dundee have Dumbarton at Dens Park. Do not let the Sons' big defeat of Clyde upset your calculations. All out for a Dun- dee win.

At Douglas Park Airdrieonians line up against Hamilton. The encounter will be drawn. Hearts entertain the Celtic, who will walk away with the points. Morton are sure winners at Cappielow, where Third Lanark are the visitors.

Partick Thistle will beat Falkirk at Fir- hill. This is a sure thing. And Queen's Park will defeat Aberdeen at Hampden.

The Hibs turn up at Stark's Park. Look for a draw here and lay your little lot on St Mirren to beat Kilmarnock at Love Street.

About the English League. Lancashire Section—Bolton Wanderers to beat South- port United, Burnley and Liverpool to draw, Port Vale to beat Stoke, Everton to beat Manchester City, Manchester United to beat Blackpool, Oldham Athletic to beat Bury, Rochdale to beat Blackburn Rovers, Preston North End to lose to Stockport County.

Midland Section—Barnsley to beat Shef- field Wednesday, Bradford City to beat Rotherham County, Chesterfield to beat Grimsby Town, Hull City to beat Birming- ham, Leeds City to beat Lincoln City, Leicester Fosse to beat Notts County, Notts Forest to beat Bradford, Sheffield United to beat Huddersfield Town.

London Combination—Bradford to beat Watford, Arsenal to beat Portsmouth, Southampton to beat Luton, Tottenham to lose to Fulham, West Ham United to beat Queen's Park Rangers, Crystal Palace to lose to Clapton Orient, Chelsea and Millwall to draw.

WHIPPETING.

COATBRIDGE MEET.

The usual weekly handicap took place on the Coatbridge Dog-Racing Grounds yester- day. The weather was delightful, and there was a good attendance. The programme opened with the final rounds in the previ- ous week's handicap, and very close finish- ing was the result. First Semi-Final—1 Jordon's Poverty (47), 2 Kirk's Darkie (51). Second Semi-Final—1 Wilson's Robin Gray (44), 2 Wilson's Lady Ann (49). Final—1 Robin Gray, 2 Darkie. Betting—Evens on winner.

Seventeen heats in a new handicap were also completed. Winners:—Clark's Wee Joe (43), Norton's Christmas Daisy (45), Reston's Spider (45), M'Callum's Come Home (43), Brannan's Country Boy (43), M'Callum's Only Lass (34), M'Cabe's Sparkling Kate (41), Carr's Cush (41), Allan's Mix-Up (41), Hill's Hilda (41), Dougan's Lilybank Lass (44), Wilson's Robin Gray (43), M'Ghie's Billy Gray (42), Potter's Little Annie (45), Kelly's Great Surprise (32), Duffy's Cinderella (43).

GLASGOW HANDICAP.

The handicaps at Glasgow attracted a big crowd. Details:—

200 Yards Handicap (continued from last Saturday):—1st Semi-Final—1 Mr Berry's Little Red Riding Hood (42), 2 Mr Morri- son's Miss Pankhurst (35½) 2d Semi-Final —1 Mr Cunningham's Little Mary (37), 2 Mr Morrison's Bobby (32). 3d Semi-Final— 1 Mr Brown's Who Be I (43½), 2 Mr Leigh- ton's Stupid Boy (34½) and Mr Currie's Beer (40½) dead heat. Final—1 Mr Berry's Little Red Riding Hood, 2 Mr Morrison's Miss Pankhurst, 3 Mr Brown's Who Be I. Also ran—Little Mary, Bobbie, Stupid Boy, and Beer. Betting—Evens Little Red Riding Hood, 2 to 1 agst Who Be I, 4 to 1 Miss Pankhurst, 10 to 1 others. Won by a neck.

200 Yards Handicap (£4 to each semi-final winner):—1st and 2d in heats—Mr Young's Ayrshire Lad (37) and Mr James Driver (37½). Mr Clark's Dunrum (23) and Mr Smillie's Don't Tell (36), Mr Dempster's Chiming Bell (30½) and Mr Thomson's Kick In (30½). Mr Boyle's Kaffir (28½) and Mr King's White Star (33½), Mr Allan's Hov (39½) and Mr Mailler's Cinders (34). Mr Scott's Kate Harvey (40) and Mr Marshall's Ladybird (40)—dead heat, Mr Grant's Dusky Boy (39½) and Mr Reid's Gather Up (39½), Mr Grimes' Violet II. (31) and Mr Demp- ster's Flora Macdonald (27½), Mr Thomson's Charlie (34½) and Mr Ferns' Daisy Fair (29).

Final of New Year Handicap (1st prize £25, 2d £7, 3d £3):—1 Mr Anderson's Lambhill Dad (41), 2 Mr M'Guire's Duffer (38), 3 Mr Davidson's Black Queen (37½). Also ran—Princey, Blue Stone, Cathkin Boy, Trilby, and Green Back. Betting— 5 to 4 agst Black Queen, 3 to 1 each Blue Stone and Duffer, 4 to 1 Green Back, 10 to 1 others. Won by a head.

WINNERS FOR WINDSOR.

BY THE COLONEL.

On Friday we open at Windsor with the Datchett Hurdle, for which Fortyfoot or Fashion will be my choice.

In the Willow's Hurdle Saucepan or Paul Lamerie will be my choice.

In the Island 'Chase Piper's Hill or Wad will give us the winner.

In the Eton 'Chase Abakur or Minster Vale will be nap selection. The Black Nest 'Chase goes to Athenry or Scarlet Button, while the Maiden Hurdle should go to Mar- nix or Harwood.

On Saturday the Suffolk 'Chase goes to Excelsior or Captain Dreyfus. For the Dorney 'Chase Kilwilliam or Prince Francis will be my choice. The Denham Hurdle goes to Avernus or Sauterne. For the River- side Hurdle Archiestown has most to fear from Waterbed and Fair Oaks. The Mill 'Chase looks good for Perimac or Mr Pick, while the Montem Hurdle goes to Blue- ground or Triple Blue.

WINDSOR—Friday, January 12.

12.30—Fortyfoot; next best, Fashion.
1.0 —Saucepan; next best, Paul Lamerie.
1.30—Piper's Hill; next best, Wad.
2.0 —Abakur; next best, Minster Vale.
2.30—Athenry; next best, Scarlet Button.
3.0 —Marnix; next best, Harwood.

Saturday.

12.30—Excelsior; next best, Captain Dreyfus.
1.0 —Kilwilliam; next best, Prince Francis.
1.30—Avernus; next best, Sauterne.
2.0 —Archiestown; next best, Waterbed.
2.30—Perimac; next best, Mr Pick.
3.0 —Blueground; next best, Triple Blue.

£100 FOR FOOTBALL RESULTS.

Here is an opportunity of winning £100.

All you have to do is to forecast fifteen correct results. There is **NO NEED TO GIVE SCORES.**

The competitor who gives the fifteen cor- rect results gets the £100. In the event of more than one competitor being correct the prize will be divided.

If no competitor sends in a coupon giving the fifteen correct results a consolation prize of £10 will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the coupon with the largest number of correct results.

In the event of more than one competitor sending in a coupon with the same number of correct results the consolation prize will be divided.

On the accompanying form you will find a list of fifteen matches which are to be played on Satur- day, January 13.

Strike out in ink the name of the club you think will lose. If in your opinion any game will end in a draw leave the name of both competing teams.

In the event of any of the matches not being played or being abandoned or postponed the prize of £100 will not be awarded, but the offer of the consolation prize will still hold

Any reader may send in as many efforts as may be desired, but each forecast must be written on a separate form. These forms, together with any used from the "Weekly News," may be posted in one envelope.

Any entry form on which an alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.

Each competitor must give his or her real address, and must write his or her signature and address in ink.

In all matters relating to this competition the Editor's decision is final and legally binding, and competitors may enter only on this understanding.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED ON JANUARY 13, 1917.

Burnley	v.	Liverpool.
Port Vale	v.	Stoke.
Everton	v.	Manchester C.
Rochdale	v.	Blackburn R.
Hull City	v.	Birmingham.
Sheffield Utd.	v.	Huddersfield.
Barnsley	v.	Sheffield W.
Bradford City	v.	Rotherham.
Tottenham H.	v.	Fulham.
Chelsea	v.	Millwall.
Southampton	v.	Luton.
Clyde	v.	Rangers.
Hamilton A.	v.	Airdrieonians.
Hearts	v.	Celtic.
Queen's Park	v.	Aberdeen.

I enter this competition in accord- ance with the printed conditions in "The Post Sunday Special," and agree to accept the published decision as final and legally binding.

Signature, ...

Address, ...

.....

.....

This competition is run in conjunction with the "Weekly News."

The Editor cannot accept responsibility for the loss or non-delivery of any entry form, and will not accept proof of postage as proof of receipt or delivery.

No correspondence can be entered into in connec- tion with the competition.

The Editor reserves the right to disqualify any entry, but agrees not to disqualify any entry with- out good and sufficient reason.

Entries must be sent by post addressed to "£100 Results Editor," "The Post Sunday Special" Office, 138 Port-Dundas Road, Glasgow, and posted so that they reach us not later than the first post on Wednesday, January 10.

FOOTBALL CONTEST.

The result of our Football Contest for matches played on December 30 will appear next week.

WHIPPETING—Continued.

EVERTON'S NAP HAND AGAINST BLACKBURN ROVERS.

HULL CITY'S DULL THUD AT BRADFORD.

STOKE SCORE SEVEN AGAINST THE TROTTERS.

ENGLISH LEAGUE.

LANCASHIRE SECTION.

B'burn Rov., 1 Everton, 5

Before 2000 spectators, Kehoe, of Burn- ley, assisted the Rovers, who started with eight players, full strength later being made up by juniors. Everton had six of last Saturday's team absent. At the interval the visitors led by four goals to none, Clennel and Morris scoring two each. In the first minute of the second half J. Duckworth scored for the Rovers, and just on time Clennel registered another goal for Everton, who were the better team.

Blackpool, 3 Manch. City, 1

Before 3000 spectators, in fine weather. Both teams had changes, and Bainbridge headed through for Blackpool in the first five minutes, and Cartwright equalised ten minutes later. Before the interval Booth scored a second goal for Blackpool. On turn- ing round Blackpool got a third goal through Harland in a scrimmage. Black- pool played very hard, and till close on time pressed heavily, the City rarely getting near the seaside goal.

Bury, 1 Port Va'e, 3

Before 1000 spectators, in bright weather. Walker opened the scoring for Bury within the first minute, and a minute later Griffiths equalised. Just before the interval Need- ham gave the visitors the lead. After the change of ends Griffiths improved the leaders' position within ten minutes. Port Vale continued to be aggressive, and gave the better display. Throughout their com- bination was pretty and effective, and they were quicker on the ball.

Liverpool, Pres. N.E., 1

At Liverpool, in fine weather. The initial half mainly favoured the Preston side, and they deservedly scored through Edmondson after fifteen minutes' play. Interval:— Preston, 1; Liverpool, 0. On resuming, Liverpool were awarded a penalty, but Lucas missed. Liverpool were now having all the play, and Bennett scored twice in quick succession. Further attacks on the Preston goal resulted in Bamber adding another.

Ma'chester U., Burn'ey, 1

Before 5000 spectators, in pleasant weather. Woodcock opened the score for the United from Ellis' centre, and two minutes later Anderson added a second. Burnley pressed, Lindley scoring with a splendid drive from the penalty line. Before the interval Ander- son put the United further ahead. After the resumption a Burnley attack was beaten off. The visitors were outplayed for the greater part of the second half, but the United could not add to their score.

Southport C., 3 Rochdale, 0

In fine weather, before 2000 spectators. The game was fairly even in the first half. Abrams scored for Southport from a free kick for a foul on Caulfield, and early in the second half the same player again scored from a free kick given in similar circum- stances. The game was played at a fast pace throughout. Schofield scored a third goal for the Central.

Stockport C., 2 Oldham A., 0

At Stockport, before 1500 spectators. Stockport made a good start, T. Waterall just shooting wide. Crossthwaite shot into goal, Matthews fisting away. Rodgers headed through from a corner, scoring the first goal for Stockport. Damson's shot went over the bar. Oldham made a strong at- tack, and Wilson beat Goodwin, Butler sav- ing. At the interval the score was:—Stock port, 1; Oldham, 0. In the second half Rodgers scored for Stockport from a penalty.

Stoke, 7 Bolton W., 0

In fine weather, before 5000 spectators. Stoke included Whittingham, his suspension concluding at the end of the year. Bolton were without Smith and Vizard. Stoke were the better team in the first half, and Whittingham scored after four minutes, Howell after nineteen minutes, and Herbert after thirty-one minutes. There was sensa- tional scoring in the second half, four goals coming in four minutes. The first was scored by Parker, the second and fourth by Howell, and the third by Whittingham.

MIDLAND SECTION.

Birmingham, 2 Ch'st'rfield T., 2

In bracing weather, before a good attend- ance, Chesterfield won the toss, and Arrow- smith put into his own goal. Reville ten minutes later equalised. Two minutes from the interval Arrowsmith fouled, and White- house scored from the penalty. In the second half Chesterfield played together, and Edgeley equalised the score just before the finish. Arrowsmith put his knee out, and was carried off the field. He was at- tended to by the Birmingham trainer.

Bradford, 4 Hull City, 0

At Park Avenue in bright weather, before 2000 spectators. All the goals were scored in the first half, when the home team showed a marked superiority in every department. M'Leod scored two goals in the first twenty minutes, while Riley added a third, and M'Leod a fourth. Bradford continued to press in the second half, and a shot by Kemp struck the crossbar. Hull City failed to take three or four stray chances.

Grimsby T., 1 Leicester F., 3

In fine weather, before 1000 spectators. The Fosse had to complete their team with two Grimsby men. The game throughout was fast, and at times very interesting. Padley scored for the Fosse after thirteen minutes, Pykett increasing the lead, Grimsby making a poor show in attack. In the clos- ing stages Grimsby monopolised the play, and T. Rippon scored, but misfortune dogged them, for Webster put through his own goal. The Mariners deserved to draw.

Hud'ersfield, 1 Leeds City, 1

At Huddersfield, in fine weather, before 5000 spectators. The first half produced a fine open game, with Huddersfield more ag- gressive. Mann once netted, but was ruled offside. Three minutes after the restart London made a weak return, and Trotter gave Leeds the lead, shooting into a tenant- less goal. Huddersfield played brilliantly after this, and applied heavy pressure. Moore equalised from a penalty. Hudders- field fought hard to secure the lead, and were unlucky to have to concede a point.

Lincoln C., 0 Barnsley, 1

At Lincoln, in fine weather, on a heavy ground. Lincoln brought Burrell and Mil- lington into the forward line again. Barns- ley were represented by the team exclusive of their army men. The first half saw Don- kin give Barnsley the lead, which they main- tained to the interval, though Lincoln had had a full share of the play. The second half saw a very even contest, but Lincoln were not convincing at close quarters.

Rother. C., 2 Sheffield U., 0

In ideal weather, and before 6000 specta- tors, Rotherham were without Wilkinson, Reed, and Taylor, Sheffield lacking the ser- vices of Utley. Rotherham had slightly the better of play during the first half, but both sides shot badly, and no goals were scored at the interval. Play ruled more in favour of the home team on resuming, and Hibbert scored from a penalty, Mite adding a second goal soon afterwards.

Sheffield W., 1 Notts Forest, 4

At Hillsboro', before 5000 spectators, in beautiful weather. Each team underwent changes, Wednesday playing two new for- wards in Cowham and Batiste. In the first half Tinsley twice scored for the Forest, Wilson responding from Cowham's centre. In a busy second half Birch quickly added to the Forest score, and Lawrence later kept a very good goal for the Forest. In the last five minutes Tinsley scored again, Wednesday being well beaten.

Notts C., 1 Bradford C., 0

In dull weather, before 2000 spectators, at Nottingham. Pennington and Morley re- turned to the home ranks, Bird being sub- stituted for James, Bradford's changes being represented by Heath, Blackham, Myers, Sands, M'Creakie in place of Mellors, Chap- lin, Hargreaves, Fawcett, and O'Rorke. Bradford was the better team. In the first half M'Creakie, Logan, Fox, Torrance, and Blackham were prominent, Bird, Sambrook, and Walker being conspicuous for Notts. There was no scoring at the interval. After- wards Notts were superior, Richards scor- ing.

BILLIARDS.

REECE (in play),	...	...	8050
INMAN,	...	...	7715
STEVENSON,	...	...	8000
HARRIS (receives 1500),	...		6548

Dumbarton come into the limelight as top scorers.

It's not often that Shingleton is debited with five goals.

One up for the Hibs. They "spoked" St Mirren's wheel.

Celts, without "Patsy," are not scoring as was their wont.

"Twas a good result for the Strathies to "peel" with Petershill.

Queen's defeat at Airdrie was decisive enough to leave "nae doobts."

Forrest, Raith Rovers pivot, tied up For- far M'Lean. "Knotty" boy!

Celtic and Rangers head the League table with four points between them.

Martin's early goal carried its face value at Ibrox. It was a sensational burst.

Renfrew Juniors won at the tail of the bank. They're still in the hunt for the Cup.

Partick Thistle come back to favour with a win at Kilmarnock. Bowie's goal did the trick.

Cairney had four goals against the Clyde. Good work for a winger deputising as a centre.

Ripley played his last game (meantime) for Raith Rovers. He's off again to "some- where."

It took Rangers three minutes to beat the "Hearts" and Celtic eighty minutes to beat the 'Well.

Archibald was the marksman who beat Gunner Brownlie, and it was due him as the best forward afield.

BRITAIN'S GREATEST JUDGES

AND THEIR MOST FAMOUS CASES.

The first article in this new series, which starts in next week's Saturday Post (Buff Edition), will deal with the remarkable career of

SIR HENRY HAWKINS,

who, because it fell to his lot to preside over many notable murder trials, was often de- scribed as "The Hanging Judge."

Amongst other famous Judges whose life- stories will appear are:—

LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN,
LORD INGLIS,
LORD RUTHERFORD CLERK,
&c., &c.,

You will find this an entrancing series of real-life happenings. It appears in

THE SATURDAY POST
(BUFF EDITION).

Out on Thursday. Price, One Penny.

The Post Sunday Special

SUNDAY, JANUARY 7, 1917.

SCOTS GUARDS OFFICER TO WED.

Lafayette

Captain C. J. Balfour, Scots Guards, whose marriage to the Hon. Aurea Baring, daughter of Lord Ashburton, takes place on Wednesday.

UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH OF HARRY LAUDER'S HOME CIRCLE.

Photo by Alf. Fry.

Admirers of Harry Lauder throughout Britain and far across the seas felt the greatest sympathy for the great Scottish comedian in his loss of his only son, Captain John Lauder, killed in action in France. This is a unique photograph, taken in the good old days of peace, of Harry Lauder, his wife, mother, and his son. The bulldog, a great favourite with the Lauder family, made certain that he was right in the range of the camera.

MARRYING CAPTAIN M. J. H. BRUCE, A.S.C.

Swaine.

Miss Mary Joyce Burgess, only daughter of Colonel and Mrs W. E. P. Burgess, of The Ridge, Chipping Sedbury, who is marrying Captain M. J. H. Bruce, A.S.C.

NEIL MELVIN AND HIS BRIDE.

Neil Melvin, the well-known Scottish comedian, with his bride, Miss Naismith, of Motherwell. Miss Naismith's brother, Company-Sergeant-Major James Naismith, who was home on leave, was present at the marriage. Company-Sergeant-Major Naismith is a Motherwell lad, who has not only gained the Military Medal, but has also been awarded a bar for his medal. The popular comedian's one regret was that his brother William was not present at the wedding. Neil's brother is a corporal in the Gordons, and was badly wounded and taken prisoner by the Germans at Loos.

SEASON TICKET AS PENDANT.

L.N.A.

As a protest against the new regulations, Major R. L. Thornton, D.L., took his seat on East Sussex Quarter Sessions bench wearing his season ticket suspended round his neck by red tape. Major Thornton is seen here at Uckfield Railway Station wearing his season ticket as a pendant.

SWEETHEARTS IN THE TRAIN SMASH.

Driver Wm. Yeoman, R.F.A., a Musselburgh lad, who enlisted early in the war, was travelling with his sweetheart, Miss Murdoch, Coatbridge, in the ill-fated Glasgow express. He was badly knocked about, suffered from head injury and shock, and more than once lost consciousness on the way to Edinburgh Royal Infirmary. The young lady escaped with shock and bruises.

FILLING THEIR BROTHERS' PLACES.

L.N.A.

The Misses Harriet and Doris Drinkwater, the pretty daughters of Mr Drinkwater, a Willesden contractor, are doing very commendable war work in Willesden and district by taking the place of their brothers in the work of the local Corporation. Both girls wear a serviceable khaki uniform, and they start their task early in the morning, working throughout the day.

MOTHERWELL BROTHERS MAKE SUPREME SACRIFICE.

Private Louis Muir, 8th Battalion Gordon Highlanders, official intimation of whose death has been received by his parents, who reside at Armstrong Cottage, Grange Street, Motherwell. Previous to the war he was employed at the Clydesdale Iron and Steel Works, Mossend. His brother, A.B. Frank Muir, R.N.D., was also killed in action on Nov. 13, 1916. Previous to the war he was employed in Dalzell Steel Works.

JOSEPH ASSISTS IN TRANSPORT.

N.I.

The French soldiers on the Monastir front are very fond of this quaint mascot, who goes by the name of Joseph. He is seen here drawing a small car containing fresh supplies of victuals, and apparently enjoys his share in the struggle against the Huns.

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